Canadian Illustrated News

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AT PEEP OF DAY.—From a Sketch by our Artist.

CHRISTMAS.

THE merry Christmas time has come again, and the never-wearying round of gift making and receiving; of feasting and family reunion; and, most noble of all, of "remembering the poor," will be trodden with the same zest as if the festive season had come upon us for the first time in our lives. This happy faculty of remembering and celebrating "times and seasons" adds much to the pleasure of life; arrests the corrosion of the best impulses of humanity by the hard, dull drag of everyday work; brightens the brightest features in our nature and reminds us, not too frequently, of the kinship that subsists among all.

But Christmas festivities have lost much of their peculiar social customs. In fact it is very doubtful whether these customs, except in some of their most prominent features, ever took fixed form among the people. The leading idea of the Social Christmas is amusement, jollity, giving and receiving pleasure. And though this may take different forms in different ages, or in different countries in the same age, it is hardly correct to assume that the "good old times" outstepped those which followed them in the art of ministering to the tastes and predilections of the people. No doubt there was a time when the "boar's head" was regarded as a wondrous delicacy; but if at the present day for the purposes of a Christmas dinner the company prefer—and partake of, because they prefer it—a roast turkey, shall we therefore conclude that manliness has degenerated and intellect declined as a consequence of the preference for a whole "gobbler" over a swine's head?

There is much that is traditional and formal in the celebration of Christmas; many customs that have come down, perhaps, from the Roman Saturnalia or other Pagan feasts; but while we should applaud the genius of Christianity that converted these December bacchanal displays in honour of the mythical son of Heaven and Earth, the father of Jupiter, into friendly gatherings among the worshippers of Him who is the God of Heaven and of Earth, and the Father of All; we need not disparage the customs of modern society, which dispense with many of those practices formerly indulged in. If there be less of "wine and wassail," is there not more of the Christmas book, of the holiday story, with its intellectual food, of the pleasing diversion of Science into odd ways for the amusement of the people? It was, undoubtedly, a noble sight to see boor and baron for once in the year enjoy a common feast; but if the baron became more of the boor than the boor did of the baron, wherein was society a gainer? Let us cherish the genial memories of the Christmas season; load our young folks with presents; exchange gifts among friends; make old age contented and youth joyful; banish resentments; and, so to speak, make a clean bill of health, in preparation for duly entering upon the performance of the obligations to be imposed upon us in the coming year. But need we therefore ever cling to the old forms for expressing these ever new desires and intentions? Must there be no kissing but under the Mistletoe? Bah! Some of those poets and moralists who have written about Christmas; who have told us that

"England was Merry England when,"

&c., &c., probably never saw a real "Yule log" burning on the hearth; certainly they never heard the jingle of the merry sleigh-bells; they knew not of the glories of the tobogan, nor of the sublime enjoyments of a snow-shoe tramp. Now, shall we in Canada, who have these special sources of enjoyment in so much abundance, whine about departed customs that have lost their charms and only left the world when they were replaced by those which were better and more enjoyable?

Christmas has other thoughts to suggest than those of how can we best enjoy ourselves. How best can we give happiness to others? is a beautiful question for all, and especially for the rich, at this season of the year. In our severe climate there must of necessity be many cases of extreme hardship. Not from the dearth, but from the large consumption of fuel, its cost is a serious item, and the thin-blooded, ill-fed family of the poor man, whose insufficient dietary renders them the least able to withstand the cold, are those who, by scanty raiment, badly built houses, and scarcity of fuel, are most exposed to its rigours. Our National, and other benevolent Societies, as well as Associations connected with the churches, do much towards the alleviation of the sufferings of the poor, and never more than at Christmas time does the public willingly contribute to the support of these Societies. We give the hint to charitable ladies and others, that they may not neglect to improve one of their best opportunities to successfully "beg" for the poor.

It does not come within our province to discuss the mighty Action for the celebration of which the great Christian festival was instituted. In our present number will be found representations of some of the most artistic renderings of events connected with the miracle of miracles at Bethlehem; these speak to the eye, and, let us hope, to the heart, of the glad tidings bringing great joy to all the people. Surely few greater social services, after the inculcation of the practice of virtue, have been rendered by Christianity to the world than that of hallowing the very enjoyments of the people; of bringing heaven and earth into close communion, in imitation of Him whose birth in the stable, and whose cradling in the manger will be, to-night and to-morrow, celebrated and meditated upon by millions of worshippers. In the full contemplation of the mystery which the Christmas festival celebrates, the petty little bickerings of weak and selfish men are dwarfed into insignificance, and the better qualities of humanity assert themselves with renewed vigour, guiding men's aspirations towards the realization of their hopes for a state to come, which gives a fresh, more elevated and inspiriting meaning to the colloquial saluation of the season—"A MERRY CHRISTMAS!" May it prove a merry Christmas to all! though the wish is no sooner issued than the impossibility of its realization suggests itself. The ravages of war, of disease, of poverty and of the bad passions of men, ever supply the stream of human misery, and always offer fresh opportunities for the benevolent to stem its tide at some point, hence we may at least hope that many will seek their most cherished Christmas pleasures in alleviating the sufferings of the unfortunate. That is undoubtedly a good way to enjoy "A Merry Christmas," and an exceedingly good preparation for a "HAPPY NEW YEAR!"

S. GOLTMAN, GREAT ST. JAMES STREET.

At this festive season gentlemen will naturally desire to present themselves in the latest style of fashion. Those who are in doubt as to where they should go for a first class fit in gentlemen's clothing will be safe to call at Mr. Goltman's establishment, where they will find everything in gentlemen's furnishings of the best durable materiable, of the latest style, and cut and fitted in the most fashionable manner.

THE INTERNATIONAL RELIEF SOCIETY AT MANHEIM.

Already in past numbers we have spoken at length of the International Society for the Relief of the Sick and Wounded in War, and have given some account of its labours at the different points throughout France and Germany, where its branches are doing good service in the cause of human charity. It is therefore only needful to say, in reference to this illustration, that the Manheim branch of the society was one of the earliest established after the breaking out of the war, that it includes many members of the highest families of the great commercial city, and that in other respects it differs in no way from its sister-guilds.

SHERBROOKE AND ST. FRANCIS RIVER.

The pretty town of Sherbrooke, in the county of the same name, occupies an elevated situation on both banks of the River Magog, where it empties itself into the St. Francis, at the point known as the Lower Locks. The St. Francis, one of the most winding of Canadian streams, after leaving Lake Weedon, passes through Dudswell, Bury and Westbury, enters the town of Ascot, where it takes a sudden turn to the north-west and sweeps past Lennoxville and Sherbrooke on its course into Lake St. Peter. The town one of the most thriving in the Eastern Townships, is situated on the line of the Grand Trunk, which passes for some little distance close by the river. It possesses valuable woollen and cotton manufactures and is the seat of the district courts. It sends one representative to the House of Commons and the Legislative Assembly of the Province respectively, the present representative in the former being Hon. Sir A. T. Galt K. M. G., and in the latter the Hon. J. G. Robertson, Treasurer of Quebec and member of the Executive Council of the Province. Mr Robertson also occupied for many years the position of Mayor of Sherbrooke. Our illustration of the river and town, looking towards the South is after a drawing by Dr. J. G. Bompas. The population of the town may be set down at about 2,000.

THE MARKET PLACE AND TOWN HALL OF ORLEANS.

In their march upon Tours, at that time the seat of the Provisional Government, the first obstacle that presented itself on the way to the victorious Prussians, was the city of Orleans. It was absolutely necessary to occupy the place, as unless this were done it would afford a strong vantage ground for the enemy, from which they could harass the rear of the forces attacking Tours, and considerably hinder the operations of the army to the south of Paris. The city therefore became the object of a hotly contested fight between the Bavarians under Von der Tann, and the troops in garrison, consisting principally of the scattered relics of Marshal McMahon's army, with a few battalions of Mobiles. The battle raged for two days, the 10th and 11th of October, and finally terminated in a victory for the Germans, at the comparatively small cost of 700 killed and wounded. The victorious Bavarians entered the city, and troops were sent forward along the line of the railway by Meung and Beaugency to follow up the fugitive army to Tours. This state of affairs, however, lasted but for a short while. Von der Tann fonnd himself in a trap, and being hard pressed by Gen. Aurelle de Paladines, who had assumed the supreme command of the army of the Loire, he was compelled to evacuate Orleans and retire towards Paris, where he was reenforced by the Duke of Mecklenburg's corps and that of Duke Albrecht. Afterwards he was joined by Prince Frederick Charles, and the combined armies, under the leadership of the Prince, once more advanced to the attack. De Paladines was defeated, and in turn compelled to evacuate the city, which was once more entered by the Prussians.

Our illustration gives the scene before the Town-hall at the time of the entry of the Prussians in the city. In the rear rise the towers of the beautiful old church of St. Croix the Cathedral of the celebrated Bishop Dupanloup, whose name is so well known throughout the world for the able and daring manner in which he has discussed many questions of great public interest, and who recently issued a pastoral on the state of France in which he urged courage and constancy in the war, until the invaders should be repelled.

[*Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.*]

CHRISTMAS.

A PICTURE AFTER THÉOPHILE GAUTIER.

The heavens are black—the earth is white;
Ring out, wild joy-bells, to the skies!
Jesus is born; the Virgin bright
Bends o'er Him with enraptured eyes.

Around the mystic infant's head
No fold of slumbrous curtain streams;
Only the spider's airy thread
Drops from the stable's dusty beams.

The baby, nestling in the straw,
Thrills with the cold in every limb;
The ox and ass, in seeming awe,
Kneel down and warmly breathe on him.

O'er that thatched hovel in the night
Heaven opens, dazzling as the morn,
While bands of Angels, clothed in white,
Sing to the shepherds, "Christ is born."

MONTREAL, GEORGE MURRAY.

VARIETIES.

Why is opinion like an owl? Because it has two *i*'s. (This poor joke is still going the round" at twenty years of age.)

The new Spanish King is threatened with assassination, and serious fears are entertained that he will never reach Madrid, the Spanish people being very much averse to a foreign Prince.

The Right Hon. Mr Bright has resigned Presidency of the Board of Trade, the state of his health not permitting him to take an active part in ministerial duties.

The French Government has dismissed Gen. Sol for retreating precipitately from Tours. The general is a distant relation of Old Sol, whose tours are always precipitate at this season of the year. (This one is new but feeble.)

The King of Prussia, in reply to an address from the delegates from the Reichstag, returned thanks for the supplies voted for the prosecution of the war, and signified his acceptance of the title of Emperor of Germany.

A London despatch says: A special despatch to the Manchester *Guardian* from Berlin says a conference of representatives of the neutral powers has been held at the Foreign office here, at which the following basis for peace was agreed to: Acquiescence in the annexation of Luxemburg to Prussia; recognition of the German Empire; payment by France of an indemnity to Germany of 12,000,000,000 francs; the razing of two fortresses on the German frontier, and the cession of a portion of Alsace. The conference on the Eastern Question, it is now understood, will meet here some time in January.

CHESS.

ENIGMA NO. 6.

White.—K. at K. B. 7th.; B. at Q. 7th.; Kts. at Q. Kt. 7th., and Q. 3rd.; Ps. at K. B. 3rd; K. B. 4th.; K. 3rd.; Q. 2nd.; Q. B. 3rd., and Q. Kt. 3rd

Black.—K. at Q. 4th.; R. at K. R. 7th; B. at K. R. 5th.; Ps. at K. 5th.; Q. 5th.; Q. B. 5th.; Q. Kt. 3rd., and Q. R. 4th.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 23.

White.	*Black.*
1. Q. to Q. sq.	Kt. to Q. B. 3rd. (best.)
2. Q. to Q. Kt. 3rd.	P. takes Q. "
3. P. takes P.	Any move.
4. Rook takes P. mate.	

Temperature in the shade, and Barometer indications for the week ending Monday, Dec. 19, 1870, observed by John Underhill, Optician to the Medical Faculty of McGill University, 299 Notre Dame Street.

		9 A. M.	1 P. M.	6 P. M.
Tuesday,	Dec. 13	36°	36°	35°
Wednesday,	" 14	35°	36°	34°
Thursday,	" 15	17°	17°	11°
Friday,	" 16	18°	22°	18°
Saturday,	" 17	19°	26°	25°
Sunday,	" 18	18°	20°	12°
Monday,	" 19	15°	21°	21°

		MAX.	MIN.	MEAN.
Tuesday,	Dec. 13	38°	28°	33°
Wednesday,	" 14	37°	29°	33°
Thursday,	" 15	19°	16°	17° 5
Friday,	" 16	24°	10°	17°
Saturday,	" 17	28°	12°	20°
Sunday,	" 18	22°	12°	17°
Monday,	" 19	22°	6°	14°

Aneroid Barometer compensated and corrected.

		9 A. M.	1 P. M.	6 P. M.
Tuesday,	Dec. 13	30.10	30.66	30.02
Wednesday,	" 14	29.78	29.74	29.76
Thursday,	" 15	29.84	29.90	30.00
Friday,	" 16	30.06	30.10	30.16
Saturday,	" 17	30.12	30.02	29.86
Sunday,	" 18	29.85	29.80	29.78
Monday,	" 19	30.24	30.25	30.15

MEDICAL HALL.

Opposite the Post Office, and Branch in Phillip's Square.

Have you ever travelled in the Floridas, fair readers? If not, you cannot know what a sensuous, over-powering, almost intoxicating perfume loads the air. For there there are forests of Magnolia, whose great white blossoms, covering lofty trees, are bespangled with heavy dews of night, and when the morning sun comes, then these bright drops, glistening tears of the night, impregnated with the odour of the flower, are scattered and absorbed, while the perfume set free is nourishing the air, as Tom Moore says:—

"You may scatter the vase if you will,
But the scent of the rose will cling round it still."

Go to Mexico and there again is the royalty of perfume ever rising from the gorgeous flowers.

Go to Seville! oh the odour of those bridal blossoms, the Orange. Now they fall like incense on our sense of smell.

Go to Nice and see the fields on fields, acres on acres of tube roses, heliotrope, and geranium. Then next examine the fields beyond—your sense of smell will guide you—there is a burst of roses, poetry is satisfied, all the senses are satisfied; the eye is astonished, for here are all the roses you ever heard or read of, and all grown, not to delight the eye, not to decorate any gallant's button hole, not to form a bouquet to adorn the virgin bosom of some beauty, nor the hair of a rustic maid, but to be plucked and crushed for market.

But ah, there are other flowers; the primrose, golden as lightest hair of gold, and the sweet briar, humble, forbidding-looking shrub, yet, like some homely face, what a perfume of soul there is within. And oh, ye beds of violets that beneath the fallen leaf open your sweet eyes towards heaven, are not your delicate perfumes like the gentlest and softest zephyrs that ever blew in fairy bower. And the rich perfume of the dried flowers whose rare fragrance is yielded up to the alembic of the Chemist. These, with a hundred other varieties, are made subsidiary to the perfumer's art.

Birds and flowers are the symbols of peace, they are the offerings of the beautiful to the brave, and the brave to the beautiful.

There are perfumes in the animal world, such as the musk, there are perfumes in the vegetable world, and of course mostly in the floral.

The ancients used these perfumes for their grand halls, and on all occasions; and we read that even Nero had a means of filling the whole of the Coliseum with sweet perfumes by the aid of evaporating steam. In modern times we perfume everything. Rimmell perfumes every programme at Theatre, Concert, or Ball in London and Paris. To pass his shops one would think there must be a perfect universe of flowers within, with the Ottar of Roses as the prime perfumer. The amount of perfume which is received from regular gardens which are devoted to the cultivation of flowers is enormous. We read of one gentleman growing 50 acres of violets, 100 acres of moss rose, 50 acres of tube rose, and 50 more of heliotrope. They are generally obtained in the form of oils, and all the various perfumes are the different proportions of certain oils combined. Having once discovered a new combination, our soaps are at once changed, in fact all our toilet apparatus. The most popular perfume at present is the "White Rose," and the perfume is of so exquisite a nature that if Cleopatra had known its secret she would never have wasted a pearl on Antony, but simply have intoxicated his senses with this delicious aroma. At the *Medical Hall*, CAMPBELL & Co., opposite the Post Office, there is as extensive a laboratory as any to be found in their line in the world, and the variety of articles which is here displayed is simply marvellous. Here are Lubin's Perfumes, Pomades, and Soaps, Atkinson's never dying White Rose, Rimmell's scented and charming Almanac for ladies, Hendries' Court Bouquets, containing bunches of violets, and a patent obtrusive fan; Farina's Eau de Cologne, Smith's Lavender, Gold and Silver capped Smelling Bottles, Steam Machines for the Drawingroom to load the air with perfumes, Soaps of the best English manufacturers. But one should call and see the splendid stock, such hair brushes, such ornaments for the boudoir and the toilet table have never been seen before in Montreal. All the perfumes known in Europe are here to be found, put up in the most tasteful style.

CAMPBELL & CO.,
MEDICAL HALL,
Opposite Post Office.

And Branch Establishment, Phillip's Square.

[*Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.*]

Half A Ghost!

BY FRANK KRAUSS.

CHAPTER I.

"AUTREFOIS."

Two hundred years ago Asheforde Hall was a quaint, ramshackle old building of the Tudor style, standing far away from any town or village, among the green slopes and thick forests of Staffordshire. The Hall had been built by a baronet of Henry VII.'s time, and had remained in the possession of the Asheforde family until the Protectorate, when old Sir Harry, a staunch and stern royalist, had been forced to take refuge in France, where he died some years before the Restoration, leaving an only son, a sad prodigal, who had left his home, and whose whereabouts no one knew. On leaving England Sir Harry had left the Hall in the hands of his intendant, Jasper Bellamy, to whom, shortly before his death, supposing his scapegrace son to be dead, he had bequeathed all his belongings "as a testimony to the said Jasper's devotion to his master's interests, and a reward for many years of faithful service." People wondered rather at the old baronet's liberality to the servant of whom he was wont to speak as a scoundrelly cropear, who would dare and do all for greed, but Jasper, Puritan as he was, had taken the oath of allegiance to the second Charles, and undisturbedly enjoyed the good-fortune that had befallen him, hearing little and caring less what people said of him.

It was Christmas time, or rather a week before Christmas, in the year one thousand six hundred and sixty-nine. But the weather was anything but Christmas-like. For days past the rain had been pouring and soaking into the earth until the roads were in many places impassable, and many of the broad Staffordshire valleys were laid completely under water. Travel was almost entirely stopped, and the inmates of many a good old English home that year lamented the absence of relations and friends who were prevented by the weather and the state of the roads from being present at the Christmas festivities.

Three persons sat at table in the dining-room of Asheforde Hall—a great, grim, gloomy apartment, floored and wainscoted with dark, time-stained oak, and lighted by broad bay-windows with latticed diamond panes. He who occupied the seat of honour at the head of the table was a man of forty-eight years of age, or thereabout, burly and heavily built, with huge shoulders and a great round bullet-head, on which the iron-gray hair was cropped short, leaving a pair of immense ears protruding. The expression of his face was anything but agreeable. The eyes were dark and piercing, but small and deep set; and his thin lips and sharp, slightly curved nose indicated a subtile and cruel nature. His crafty face wore a sanctimonious expression that suited ill its general appearance. He was dressed plainly—ostentatiously plainly for one in his position—in a black stuff doublet and Flemish hose and breeches of the same doleful hue; his long straight sword had but a black leather scabbard, and on the floor at his side lay the tall steeple-crowned hat of the sombre type generally worn by the Puritans. On his right sat an individual similarly dressed, but without a sword, and wearing the Geneva bands which betokened the non-conformist minister of the time. His finely-chiselled face wore an expression of mingled pain and resignation, as of a man who had seen much trouble, but whose lamblike nature refused to rebel, and submitted without a murmur to the cruelest strokes of fortune. And indeed the Reverend Master Bracebridge had cause to sorrow. Since the accession of the King his life had been one of continual persecution and suffering. Urged by feelings of loyalty to the Parliament which he had pledged himself to sustain, and by a rare spirit of conscientiousness which forbade him to violate this pledge, he had refused to take the oath of allegiance to the reigning sovereign, and had thenceforth been subjected to incessant persecution at the hands of the unprincipled informers of the time, who made it their business to swear alike against Papist and Puritan—Sons of Belial to whom no Naboth came amiss. Even now a price had been set upon his head, and he had been compelled to seek shelter in the house of Bellamy, though even this hiding-place was now found to be unsafe, and he was casting about for a more secure retreat.

Opposite him sat a figure that seemed entirely out of place in such sober company—a hearty, handsome man of five-and-thirty, whose bright doublet, fine ruffles of Mechlin lace, and long brown hair and peaked beard and mustache marked him out as a very different being from his sad-faced companions. He was sitting easily and gracefully on a tall spindle-legged chair, on the high back of which hung his gay beaver, ornamented with a long white plume, in the insouciant cavalier fashion. One arm rested negligently on the table, while with the other he toyed with a tall, slim-stemmed Venetian glass, newly filled from the flask before him. The Chevalier Gifford was the younger son of a noble family, and, like most younger sons, had had his own way to make in the world. On coming of age he had entered the army of the French King, where he served with both distinction and profit.

The tall room was comfortably lit up by numerous wax tapers distributed upon the table and along the walls—for Master Bellamy used to say that it was but ill seeming to set light under a bushel—and on the old-fashioned hearth at the far end of the room sputtered and crackled a huge beech log, whose red light drove back the paler gleam of the candles from its own domain, and brightened the old oaken wainscoting and furniture with a crimson glow that struck like blood-stains against the heavy blackness of the wood. The warmth, the shelter and the bright light offered a great contrast to the state of affairs out of doors, where the rain poured in heavy torrents, and the wind whistled and soughed among the old trees round the Hall in a most cheerless, dispiriting manner. The conversation had for some time time past dwelt on the weather, and the chances whether Bellamy's two sons—one of whom was a student of the inner Temple, and the other a freshman at Cambridge—would be able to make their way to the Hall in time for Christmas Day. But Bellamy now changed the subject.

"And so, Master Gifford, you will back to France. I doubt not but that the French King is ever more ready to reward his servants than is his cousin of England. Yet methinks your late father would, an he were yet alive, have but small care for his son to serve King Louis when there be blows to strike for King Charles and England."

"Such is my intent, Master Bellamy," replied the personage addressed, "for King Louis was ever a kind and a gracious master, and he was wont to say that the Chevalier Gifford was of the trustiest of his following. As for my father, his son is not ashamed of fighting for the cause for which he both fought and fell. Yet I breathe no word against His Majesty King Charles. I owe him no grudge, and will drink him long life in the tallest beaker Venetia ever made. Methinks, Master Bellamy," he added, seeing that the others made no response to his toast, "methinks you were over hasty to charge me with disaffection. What! do you refuse such a toast, man?"

"Thou knowest full well, worthy friend Gifford," said the minister in slow and measured accents, "that we who have put off the old man from us have nought to do with such carnal vanities as the drinking of toasts and the pledging of healths. Better is the gleaning of the grapes of Ephraim than the vintage of Abiezer. Nevertheless, though I do refuse to drink the health of King Charles, at whose hands I have received much hurt, yet the Scriptures do command us to love our enemies, and to pray for them that despitefully use us, and therefore do I wish His Majesty both prosperity and health, and I will ever pray that the wisdom of Solomon be given unto him to rule aright the people over whom he is set."

"Worthy Master Bracebridge is right," interrupted the host, hastily, while an angry scowl contracted his brow, "though his words have somewhat of an unaccustomed smack. But we have business on hand to-night; a secure retreat must be devised for our worthy pastor, and so, by your leave, Master—I crave pardon, Chevalier Gifford, we will withdraw to treat of these matters together, and leave you to finish your wine alone."

The two non-conformists then withdrew, and Gifford, rising from his seat, tossed off his bumper to the King; and commenced striding up and down the apartment, pausing every now and then to replenish his glass.

"The scurvy old numbskull!" he exclaimed at last, "to speak thus of my serving the French King, to whom I owe my all—wife, title, and fortune. Sdeath! 'tis but small thanks or reward a true cavalier may win in England, while these cowardly crop-ears have it all their own way as though old Noll still ruled the roast. His Majesty plays his cards but ill in thus forgetting the services of his best friends. Wisdom of Solomon, forsooth; an if King Charles possess not the wisdom, he lacks not at least the failings of his Hebrew Majesty."

After a few more turns and another pause at the table, he resumed his soliloquy.

"I like not the look of that fellow Bellamy, albeit he is mine host. Methinks he were one to give a sly thrust in the dark, were he anywise to be profited thereby. An I knew not Master Bracebridge for a simple, honest gentleman, Puritan and parson though he be, methinks t'were but for ill they devise together to-night. God save us!" he continued, as the sounds of loud talking reached him from the adjoining apartment, "an they be not at high words already, call me crop-eared Roundhead."

And indeed the tones of the voices in the next room were both loud and menacing, and at last they reached such a pitch that each word was distinctly heard by the occupant of the dining-room.

"I tell you then, Master Bracebridge, that I will have it, cost what it may."

"And I tell you, Jasper Bellamy, that the sacred trust confided to me by my sister's husband shall not be betrayed. I will keep it sure and safe, even unto the bitter end. But 'twere well to moderate your voice, Master Bellamy, perchance the Chevalier may hear us."

"Fear not," returned the host," yon Chevalier, as you please to call him, is hard and fast by this time. 'Twas not for nothing I placed before him by best Burgundy and Alicante, and, credit me, he hath not spared them. An he have heard aught, 'twill have slipped from his drowsy memory by morning. But once more, Master Bracebridge, will you not deliver me that I ask of you?"

"I will not," returned the minister, and steps were heard as if he were leaving the room.

"Yet stay, worthy Master Bracebridge," said Bellamy, in a softer tone, "we will speak more of this anon." Then raising his voice, he added, "to-morrow we will seek your hiding-place, where you may be safe from the snares of the hunters."

When the worthy Chevalier rose next day it was well on to noon, for truth to tell he had not spared his host's wine, and his potations, which had been both long and deep, induced a heavy slumber, from which he awoke with but misty ideas of what had occured the night before. He was somewhat astonished then, on rising, to find slipped under his door a small packet addressed to him, and bearing a few lines in the corner, signed by Bracebridge, bidding him keep the packet unopened until such time as it should be required of him. His wonder was increased when, on descending to the scene of his last night's carouse, he was met by his host alone, who had evidently not changed his dress since the night before, and was covered with dust and mud from head to foot. Bellamy apologised for the minister's absence, and for the condition of his dress, by saying that Master Bracebridge and himself had started early that morning for the minister's retreat in the neighbouring county, that Bracebridge had remained, and that he had but that moment returned.

"Strange!" thought Gifford when his host left the room. Strange that Master Bracebridge should have left thus secretly. Can the man fear lest I betray his hiding-place. Yet, sure no, else would he not have entrusted me with the package. "Betray!"—methinks I heard that word last night."

"Master Bellamy," he continued as the Puritan re-entered the room, "I would fain have seen Master Bracebridge e'er he left, for I have that of his that I would desire to return to him. Is it not possible for an old friend to visit him?"

"Content you, content you, I pray, Master Chevalier. The hue and cry after our dear brother must needs soon be over, and till then t'were dangerous to visit him. But if you have aught you would wish to send him you may entrust it with all safety into my keeping, and I will cause it to be delivered him."

"I would give it to none save him," returned the Chevalier curtly, and the conversation then dropped.

Day after day Gifford put the same question to his host, with invariably the same result. At last his supicions became thoroughly roused, and one day—it was a week since he last had seen the Puritan minister—he determined upon pressing the demand. Bellamy at first returned the usual answer, but finding that the Chevalier would take no refusal, he at last consented with no good grace, and with what sounded uncommonly like a half-smothered oath. However, he immediately broke into a laugh—an unwonted relaxation with him—and added gaily;

"A wilful man must have his way, and I suppose you, Master Chevalier, will even have yours. Be it so; we will start at noon and we shall then arrive at Master Bracebridge's hiding-place under cover of night."

At noon the Chevalier, having placed in his bosom the packet which he intended returning to Bracebridge, and having wrapped himself in a thick riding cloak, for the foul weather had not yet abated, stood on the steps of the Hall anxiously awaiting the coming of his host. At last Bellamy made his appearance, and after he had given some instructions in a low tone to an attendant, the two mounted their horses. In so doing Gifford noticed with surprise a small travelling valise strapped to his saddle, while a similar one

Continued on page 411.

SHERBROOKE AND ST. FRANCIS RIVER, LOOKING SOUTH.—FROM A DRAWING BY DR. G. J. BOMPAS.

THE MARKET PLACE AND HOTEL-DE-VILLE, ORLEANS.

THE INTERNATIONAL RELIEF SOCIETY FOR THE WOUNDED AT MANHEIM.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1870.

SUNDAY,	Dec. 25.	—*Christmas Day*. Champlain died, 1635.
MONDAY,	" 26.	—*St. Stephen, Protomartyr*. Stephen crowned King of England, 1135.
TUESDAY,	" 27.	—*St. John the Evangelist*. Belgian Independence achieved, 1830.
WEDNESDAY,	" 28.	—*Holy Innocents*. Buffalo burnt, 1813.
THURSDAY,	" 29.	—Lord Stafford beheaded, 1689. Steamer "Caroline" burnt at Navy Island, 1837.
FRIDAY,	" 30.	—Black Rock burnt, 1813.
SATURDAY,	" 31.	—*St. Sylvester, Bp.* Montgomery repulsed at Quebec, 1775.

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1870.

OUR SUPPLEMENT.

To this issue we have added a second sheet, or full size supplement, by way of distinguishing our "Christmas Number." Its contents are:

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Page 421.—GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST
424.—THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.
425.—CHRIST BLESSING THE LITTLE CHILDREN.
Double page.—THE ANGELS' ADORATION.
THIS fine picture, after Titian, has been so produced as to be detached and framed separately, or bound in with the volume, at the option of subscribers; hence it is neither paged nor printed on the reverse.
Page 428.—HUSH! HE SLEEPS.
429.—PURITY.
432.—THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.
Two pictures selected from Doré's illustrations of Hood's Fairy Realm.

LETTER PRESS.

Page 422.—THE HOLIDAYS, &c.
" —THE DOUBLE-BEDDED ROOM—A Christmas story.
426.—A RELISH.
427.—Several Notices suitable for the season.
430.—A Poem by S. J. Watson—"THE LEGEND OF THE ROSES."
431.—"THE SLEEPING BEAUTY"—from Tom Hood's "Fairy Realm."

WE are glad to have the opportunity of again wishing the readers of the *Canadian Illustrated News* "A RIGHT MERRY CHRISTMAS AND MANY PLEASANT RETURNS OF THE SEASON!" Those of them who have watched the progress of the paper since last Christmas will, we are sure, acknowledge the great progress it has made, and will, accordingly, accept its congratulations with the heartiness always inspired by a cordial recognition from a respectable acquaintance who is *rising in the world*. We have only to say, here, that we have made an effort to issue a number this week suitable for the season; and one which, while showing the enterprise of the Proprietor, will, we hope, also meet with the approbation of our subscribers, who, having thus received their "Christmas box" from the *News*, cannot do better than return the compliment at NEW YEAR'S by making it a "gift" in the shape of persuading as many of their friends as possible to become subscribers for 1871.

FIFTEEN years ago the Austrian Cabinet proposed to the Allies then engaged in war with Russia, terms of peace to which they assented without, however, agreeing to suspend hostilities. The Russian Government, though beaten in the field, was obstinate in the Cabinet. The Austrian Minister, Count Esterhazy, found Nesselrode more obdurate than the Ministers of victorious France and England. It was only when Prussia had instructed Baron Werther to earnestly press the acceptance of the terms upon the St. Petersburg Government, and when the allies had exhibited a determination to push the war with renewed vigour, that the haughty Gortschakoff recommended the young Czar to agree to the terms which his father had disdainfully refused. Seldom does death step in so opportunely to settle international quarrels as it did in the case of the late Emperor Nicholas. But it appears that even his "taking off" secured only a truce, and that the question in dispute was deferred instead of being settled. Had the Crimean war been continued for another year, it is scarcely likely that there would now have been a question about the neutrality of the Black Sea; and had Britain's navy seized, as it should have seized and annexed the Russian possessions in America, then Mr. Seward would have been saved his seven million dollar land operation, and Canada the annoyance of having some of its territory sandwiched between that of another and not always very friendly power. These and other considerations make it evident that peace was rather precipitately concluded at the beginning of 1856. Russia now declares that the treaty of Paris made in February of that year is no longer binding, and will not be respected by her, and the powers, instead of restoring the condition of war to which the treaty put an end, have consented to hold a conference and reconsider the terms imposed upon the Czar, and this conference will perhaps have assembled in London before these lines reach our readers.

There is no reason why the Powers to the Treaty of Paris may not reconsider its terms; but when Russia has obtained the conference without withdrawing its claim to set the treaty aside, of its own motion, it seems as if a substantial advantage had already been achieved by that power. The peculiar position of the nations made Russia's opportunity exceedingly tempting. With Prussia favourable or indifferent to Russian aggrandisement; France powerless; Italy preoccupied with the annexation of Rome; Austria fully engaged at home, and England unable, or at least unwilling, to fight, the Autocrat could have had no more favourable occasion in which to abolish, in his own interest, the neutrality of the Black Sea. The response which the Russian note evoked from Earl Granville was so much more plucky than was anticipated that for a time it was hoped the Russian pretensions would be abandoned, but the proposition for a Conference of the Powers to assemble at London, agreed to without the withdrawal of the Russian claims, exposes Earl Granville to the suspicion of having slightly backed out of his position. The point was a delicate one to insist on, however. The parties had simply said "I will!"—"You won't!" and now they meet to reconsider the treaty without reference to these angry notes. The powers again meet on the suggestion of Austria, and we hope they will succeed in patching up an agreement that will settle the vexatious Eastern question, or at least postpone it until the natural course of events, neither accelerated nor impeded by war, may bring forth the right solution.

The prospect is not, however, altogether reassuring. Since the Conference has been accepted without the renunciation by Russia of her claim to set the old treaty aside, it is not to be supposed that a demand for this will be made now, or that if made it would be acceded to. In fact, with Prussia preparing to seize and annex Luxemburg, in defiance of treaty and without the pretence of even war; and with such things as have recently been done in Italy, treaties to the contrary notwithstanding, we can almost fancy the Russian Government laughing in its sleeve at the farce of the representatives of such countries meeting to discuss the respect due to treaties where interest is to be served by their violation and the opportunity of setting them aside occurs. The chance is an exceedingly good one for Russia. It will discover by this Conference how much the other powers are willing to concede; it will gain time to prepare for contingencies, and as in the meantime the frost has forbidden the Black Sea neutrality to be disturbed for the next few months, Russia is, at the worst, losing nothing, while she is undoubtedly going to gain all that can be gained by ascertaining the views of the other governments, and seeing how far they will quietly permit her to carry out her designs. Nor is it denied that the progress of events and the lapse of time have made some of the provisions of the treaty either unnecessarily burthensome or practically useless, so that a modification of its conditions may be certainly predicated as a necessary result of the meeting of the Conference, and that modification will undoubtedly be favourable to Russian freedom of action in the future. The advantages are therefore, so far, decidedly in favour of the great power of the North, but it would be a mistake to conclude, as some of the indignant London newspapers have rashly done, that England has abdicated her place as one of the first-class powers of Europe, because she has accepted the Conference without insisting on the retractation of the objectionable pretensions in Prince Gortschakoff's note. The fact is, that from the moment when Russia assented to the Austrian proposal for a Conference, the complaint of Earl Granville against the Cabinet of St. Petersburg became a mere "sentimental grievance," far more insignificant than that for which Napoleon was so deservedly censured for having made an ostensible *casus belli*. There is nothing undignified in the present attitude of England; the notes of the respective Governments are simply superceded, and the course of action is now taken which Earl Granville at first declared would be admissible; that is, a discussion of the terms of the treaty with a view to their revision. There are those who believe another conflict for supremacy in the East inevitable, and some who think the sooner it comes the better it will be for British interests; but the putting off of such a struggle, if it cannot be prevented, is surely a good work, and we may at least hope with reason that the Conference will be able to accomplish this inconclusive but desirable result.

LADY LISGAR.

We are sure that one of the illustrations most pleasing to our Canadian readers, in this, as we are vain enough to consider it, very attractive number of the *News*, will be the portrait of Lady Lisgar. Just think of it! Away in the shanties of the backwoodsman; around among the houses, great and small, in the crowded cities; off by the roaring billows of ocean and up to the furthest west of this Dominion, does the *News* introduce the gentle and noble lady as a genial Christmas visitor! Yes! and her ladyship will indeed be made right welcome in every Canadian home; for since Lord Lisgar (then Sir John Young) arrived in Canada, his amiable and accomplished wife has fully shared with him the respect and esteem of the Canadian people. We are also enabled to send our friends Lady Lisgar's autograph—that is, an exact *fac-simile* of it—and we may take the liberty of adding that no doubt these vicarial courtesies have already been preceded by her Ladyship's good wishes for a happy Christmas in every home in Canada.

Lady Lisgar is the daughter of the late Marchioness of Headfort, by her first husband, Edward Tuite Dalton, Esq, and was married to Lord Lisgar on the 8th April 1835, before his accession to the baronetage. We regret to learn that the Christmas rejoicings at Rideau Hall have been clouded by the death of her Ladyship's step-father the Marquis of Headfort, which event took place on the 10th of the present month, the Marquis being in his 84th year.

OUR CHRISTMAS ILLUSTRATIONS.

Who does not remember the anxiety and eager expectation with which we, as children, used to look forward to the dawning of Christmas Day; how on the evening before, as we went to rest, we would make up our mind to keep awake all night, and watch for this benevolent Santa Claus who brought us so many beautiful presents; how we would struggle with the sleepiness that gradually stole over us; how impotent our efforts were to rebel against the wiles of the drowsy god, and how at last the eyelids drooped and closed, only to be reopened next morning to gaze upon the wealth of treasures that the good fairy had brought us while we slept. If there is one moment of pure, unmixed satisfaction in the life of mortals, it is surely that minute of joyful remembrance, curiosity and gratification that follows a child's wakening on the morning of Christmas Day. Look at the urchin in our first-page illustration—he has such a mine of treasure around him that he is almost bewildered by happiness, and is reduced to a state of helpless inertia by the quantity of his riches. There he stands on his little bed, nursing just as many of his treasures as he can hold at once, in a state of beatific coma.

Our other illustrations are also in connection with the children's Christmas pleasures—the child's imaginary friend, good Santa Claus, at his work on Christmas Eve; "Bringing in the Plum-Pudding," the time-honoured Christmas dish that has so many illnesses to answer for; and the return from "Grandpapa's Christmas Party."

The 9th. ult., the Birthday of H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, HEIR APPARENT, was celebrated at Bristol, N. B., by the Order of the Golden Circle. Knights and Ladies of the Order held a Banquet at 1 p.m. At 3 a sermon was delivered from the text "Fear God, honour the King," followed by speeches and refreshments in the evening. This Institution is arrayed against Intemperance, Disloyalty, Gambling and Profanity. It promises to become a leading reform..—*Communicated.*

THE WAR NEWS.

No engagements of any great importance have occurred since those mentioned in our last week's record. Ducrot still holds his position on the peninsula of St. Maur, and active preparations are being made by the besieged in Paris for another vigorous sortie, to follow up the advantages gained on the second and third inst. The Prussians who, last week, where marching upon Havre, are now, it is said, retreating southwards, after having occupied Fecamp and Yvetôt. The object of the retreat is to reinforce the corps which, under the Duke of Mecklenburg, is opposed to the army of the Loire. This army, which has been reinforced by some 40,000 men, is now divided into three corps, one of which, under Gen. Chansy, is in the neighbourhood of Tours, while the others occupy Blois, and the surrounding country. An encounter took place near the last named place on the 16th, in which the Prussians were badly beaten. Vendome has been occupied by the Prussian troops who evacuated Verneuil. In the east Belfort still holds out; but Montmedy and Phalsbourg have both capitulated. The siege of the latter fortress, the key of the Vosges, has lasted since immediately after the battle of Worth.

Paris letters of the 9th, announce the situation of the Government, and the repulse of the army of the Loire, and the recapture of Orleans have not discouraged the Parisians. There is a general demand for more sorties, and the universal approval of the answer sent by Trochu to Moltke. The people all say they will resist to the last. The measures taken by the Government since the commencement of the siege are accepted willingly by the population. Having ensured itself against the waste of provisions, of which there are enough fresh on hand to last until Feb., the government will again have fresh meat rationed to the inhabitants, other provisions being sufficient for 6 months.

The *Kreuz Zeitung* denies that Prussia has any designs upon Luxemburg, and affirms that Prussia has resolved to submit to arbitration her complaints relative to the violation of the neutrality of the Government of the Duchy, with a view to a claim for indemnity.

Continued from page 407.

was attached to his companion's saddle; but Bellamy, remarking his look of surprise, whispered to him that they merely contained food and articles of clothing for the fugitive. This somewhat oalmed the Chevalier's suspicions, and made him almost regret that he should have thought so ill of one who was so solicitous about the welfare of a friend in distress.

After a six hours' ride through the bleak and desolate country, the two horsemen arrived in a broad valley, with undulating sides, thickly studded with bare and leafless trees. An hour past the rain had ceased to fall, and though many thick, heavy clouds slowly sailed, like grim ghosts, across the sky, and threw a flitting darkness over the bright moonlight, the night had cleared to all intents and purposes. At the end of the valley Gifford made out, by the shifting uncertain light, a low embankment around which grew a group of low, stunted, leafless trees. His companion, who latterly had been watching him narrowly, remarked briefly "Tis yonder," and then relapsed into a moody silence.

On arriving before the embankment the pair dismounted, and having secured their horses, proceeded to ascend the slight elevation before them—a work of no little difficulty, for the heavy rains had converted the clayey soil into a thick clinging mire, into which they sunk deep at every step, and the moon being just then obscured by a passing cloud, it was no easy matter for them to pick their way. At last they reached the top, and Gifford, with his hand on the hilt of his rapier in case of any treachery on the part of his companion--for his suspicions had all returned, followed his host along a narrow pathway that ran round the summit.

"This way," said Bellamy shortly, taking a sharp turn to the right; and after a few more steps he stopped. Gifford stopped too.

"Where is he?" he asked in a low tone.

"Hush," returned Bellamy. "Here. He will come immediately." And he gave a long, low cry like the call of the plover. "He comes," he continued, bending down as if to catch the sound of approaching footsteps. Gifford heard nothing, but he stooped too. Just then the moon emerged from behind the cloud that obscured it and threw its silver light on a broad, ghastly, white expanse that lay at his very feet, hedged in by a deep border of gloom that served the more to reveal its ghastliness—a dead, white, silent sea, sunk far down in the bowels of the earth.

"Where is he?" said Gifford again—

"Merciful heaven! what is this? A blow like an electric shock, a fall through space—dizziness, sickness, all the horrors of a nightmare. Still falling! Will it never end? is there no bottom? How long is this terrible flight though air to last? Will it never end? What is it? A dream? A horrible midnight illusion? Where is Bellamy? Master Bracebridge! Will this never end? Yes. At last. A choking! a splash! a strangling! gasps for air! air! air! Is this hanging? drowning? what? swim? yes I can swim. But no, my arms, my arms are bound. Death? yes, 'tis death!"

But it was only a swoon. Gradually consciousness returned.—"Were am I? What is this burning at my waist, this tightness at my throat? Bellamy! what? he threw me here? Oh! this awful burning! no! it cannot be! We came to see Master Bracebridge! Hush! we may be heard. Oh! this belt of fire, it grips and burns, it eats into my flesh. Éh! packet? Aye, 'tis here. I have it. What? he wanted the packet and threw me here? Fiend! Tortures of the damned, aye, I suffer them all, all! Can this last long? I strangle! I burn! I burn—I strangle! I die! Welcome death, farewell earth! Farewell Beatrice, my poor wife! Oh God! vengeance, vengeance! Is this eternal fire? Yet no, it cannot be. Yonder is the sun—no 'tis the moon! What is it? what is it? Vengeance!—no, forgiveness! The right will triumph! Ha! Long live the King! Down with the crop-ears! Church and King! Wisdom of Solomon? ha! ha! oh! I burn! water! water. Mercy, mercy! Beatrice! The right will tri....."

* * * * *

Christmas morning, bright and fresh—a day to be ushered in with gladness, with hosannas of thankfulness and praise. Slowly the sun rises, gilding the tops of the trees on the Cheshire slopes, down by Master Bracebridge's hiding-place: it is only just dawn, and the white, dead sea lies still and motionless in the dim gray morning light; but at one end of it, not in it hardly out of it, is a black, shapeless mass. It gets lighter and lighter. The surrounding objects — trees, hills, and roads—come out one by one from the darkness. And this mysterious mass—as the light grows one can make out a cloak, a white, haggard face with long brown hair—nothing else. The sun is gradually mounting the hills. It grows lighter and lighter. The day has dawned —Christmas day, in the year of grace 1669—and as the sun peeps smilingly over the hills, and his rays shine on the valley, on the cold dead sea in its midst, his first glorious light falls on—HALF A CORPSE.

CHAPTER II.

"AUJOURD'HUI."

Christmas time, Anno Domini 1869—and real jolly Christmas weather. Out of doors everything frozen hard, and a foot of snow on the ground, that crisps and crackles under your feet, as if to wish you a merry Christmas and many of them. Indoors, huge roaring wood fires, heavy curtains, cartloads of holly and mistletoe, and a great bustle in the regions of the kitchen.

My last Christmas as a bachelor. In February I was to be married to Elsie Ashford. I was a young fellow of six and twenty, master of Asheforde Hall, rather proud of my family—we are the descendants of a staunch old Puritan who did Cromwell good service, and got a substantial return in the shape of Asheforde Hall and the broad acres surrounding it. My position was a good one, my income was certainly not what could be called small, and people said that plain, but rich George Bellamy was a good match for pretty, penniless Elsie Ashford, though certainly I never gave the matter a thought. I loved Elsie with that deep devotion, that mad, blind attachment a man can experience but one in his life, and I was looking forward eagerly to the time when I should have her all to myself. When I first became acquainted with her, Elsie was a shy, timid little governess, supporting a widowed mother and two little sisters out of her hard won earnings. Jack and I—Jack is a younger brother of mine—quarrelled about her before we had known her a week. But I had the advantage over him; he was in no position to marry and knew it, poor fellow, so I proposed, and after some little diffidence on Elsie's part, and some delay, which I considered entirely unnecessary, was accepted. Ah! I shall never forget how happy she made me when she gave me that soft, whispered little "yes" which crowned my hopes, and how I vowed that she should have a model husband, and a lot more nonsense to the same effect. And though she did add that she did not exactly love me, but she hoped she would learn to do so when she knew me better, and she would try, oh! so hard, to make me happy, and she was so grateful to me, and why had I not asked some rich and beautiful lady to be my wife instead of a poor plain governess—why though these were not exactly the kind of remarks an accepted suitor would be best pleased to hear from his adored, yet I set no count by them and put them down to the score of maidenly modesty. And now she was coming down to spend Christmas at the Hall, and to make acquaintance with her future home.

We were going to be a very quiet party at the Hall this year, for Elsie, in her shy quiet manner, had begged that there should be no one to meet her. She was so afraid of strangers,—timid little thing—so I had not the heart to refuse her. Besides was she not all but mistress of Asheforde Hall? That was a queer coincidence that, Elsie Ashford to be mistress of Asheforde Hall. To be sure the two names were spelt differently, but I used to tell Elsie jokingly that the old Hall was hers by right; that it had once belonged to some ancestor of hers, in years long gone past, who had lost it and his head at the same time for playing tricks against the peace and order of his sacred majesty King Hal, or for recusancy under good Queen Bess; and that at last old Puritan Bellamy got hold of it.

So we were to be a very quiet party. There were only some nine of us, my mother, Jack, Fanny, my grown up sister, the four children, three little sisters and a brother, and myself. The ninth was Trevor, an old college chum, now a rising young barrister in London, who after oft-repeated invitations had stolen a few days to run down to Asheforde Hall.

I had been musing for half an hour before my study fire, thinking of Elsie, of course, of her visit and of our approaching marriage; enjoying the warmth of the thickly curtained, well-lighted room, and puffing lazily at a long-stemmed, brown-bowled pipe—an old Heidelberg friend. The light, the heat, and the narcotic influence of the tobacco, had lulled me into a sort of half slumber, from which I was roused by a loud ring at the door.

Elsie at last. And I sprang up, wide-awake now, and rushed off to meet her.

I found her in the hall, the centre of a little group composed of my mother and sister and the children, the object of the curious and inquiring glances of the little ones, who had heard so much of the Elsie that was coming to marry brother George.

"Why, Elsie," I cried, "how late you are. What on earth has kept you? We've been expecting you for the last three hours."

She barely took the hand I offered—I didn't venture to kiss her yet,—just touched it and let it drop. So like her, shy little thing!

"I am sorry I am so late, Mr. Bellamy—George, I mean—but the train was late. I don't know what delayed it. What a beautiful place the Hall is."

Just then my brother Jack came in. Poor fellow, how sheepish he looked as he came up and offered his hand. He hadn't forgotten our quarrel. Elsie fairly took his hand, and fairly shook it as she said:

"How are you, Jack? I am so glad to see you."

No shyness there. She greeted him heartily and looked him straight in the face as she spoke. Shyness! Who could be shy with hearty, straight-forward, good-looking Jack, with whom every-body felt themselves immediately at home. "Jack" too, not Mr. Bellamy. The idea of anybody mistering Jack Bellamy

"Now boys," broke in my sister, "do be off, like good fellows, and don't stand staring at Elsie, as if she were some wild beast in a menagerie. She must be tired after her long journey, and you keep her standing there, with the door open too, until she must be nearly frozen. I know I am. Brr. I declare its nearly twelve o'clock."

Thus sternly admonished of our duty we recovered our senses, and allowed Elsie to be taken off to the dining-room fire. After she had been duly warmed and dosed with hot negus in the way that cold and weary travellers have from time immemorial been treeted by their friends after a journey, we prepared to withdraw.

"Good-night, Elsie," I said as she was moving off. "I hope your first slumbers under the roof of Asheforde Hall will be sweet and sound. Above all I trust our family ghost won't take it into his head to pay you a visit."

"A ghost!" exclaimed Elsie, with a frightened look. "You don't mean to say the house is haunted. You are making fun of me, George."

"No, indeed, Elsie," I returned. "Why, did you ever hear of an old manor house that had not its ghost—a sort of faithful retainer, like the old nurse, that bespeaks the antiquity and respectability of the family? But ours is a very mild sort of a ghost, a quiet, gentlemanly party who confines himself to taking occasional strolls from his quarters in the west wing, evidently in search of some old friend of his—in broad day-light even. Oh! I assure you he is a most respectable person, who keeps no late hours, and does nobody any harm. The very children don't mind him. You needn't be afraid of him. He's only half a ghost at best."

Here my mother interposed by dragging Elsie off to her bedroom, and Jack and I went off to the study to have a quiet smoke before turning in.

The next morning I drove over to Stafford on business, and did not return until late in the afternoon, when I brought Trevor with me, whom I had met by appointment at the railway station. We were to go to a party that evening at a friend's house on the other side of the valley, and our guests were to have come with us. But on our return we found Elsie slightly indisposed. The fatigue of the journey had been too much for her, and she had not slept over well, owing, no doubt, to fears raised by my foolish story about the ghost. So we had to go without her, my mother, Fanny, Jack, Trevor and myself. I begged hard to be left behind, but it was no use, my mother was inexorable, and Elsie made such a frightened face, that I was obliged to submit. No doubt she thought I would frighten her out of her senses with my infernal ghost stories.

I know it seemed to me very slow and stupid, that party, and I supposed it did the same to Jack. He moped sadly the whole evening, and created quite a consternation among the girls, with whom he was usually in high favour. I am afraid he nearly lost his temper too, when the Burton girls rallied him on his melancholy, and asked him, "Who are you sighing after, Don Tristezo?"

At last that wearisome evening came to an end. We left rather early, as we were all more or less anxious about Elsie. When we arrived at home, we found the whole house in a commotion. Elsie had been suddenly taken ill. She had been sitting in the dining-room at the time with the children, who said simply that the ghost had come into the room, and that Elsie had fainted; and the old housekeeper, who met us in the hall, added that she had had a terrible fit of hysterics, which had ended in convulsions.

"She's in the dining-room now, Master George," added the old woman. "The doctor is with her, and he says she will be better just now."

I waited to hear no more, but rushed off to the dining-room, followed by the rest, to hear the verdict of the village doctor. I found Elsie lying on a sofa, unconscious; over her bent the doctor, who was applying some restoratives. Several of the female servants stood round, with white, awe-stricken faces. As we entered they left, and the doctor laid his finger on his lips.

I beckoned him aside, and questioned him eagerly, while the others busied themselves with poor Elsie.

"What is it, doctor? Is it dangerous? For God's sake don't keep me in suspense. She is my affianced wife. Tell me the worst."

"Softly, my dear sir," returned the doctor, a soft-voiced, dapper little man with a bald head, a spotless suit of black, and an immense watch chain and seals—a man who prided himself on two things, his medical skill and his extreme politeness. "Softly, calm yourself, my dear sir. It is nothing serious, absolutely nothing. Mere nervous excitement. A most interesting case. Nervous excitement superinduced by strong unaccustomed emotions, very natural, after all, in the case of a young lady not very far from the most interesting event of her life, her marriage, hem! There is some talk of an apparition, but, my dear sir, we know better than that now-a-days," and the little man shrugged his shoulders, made me a little bow, and laid his hands on his heart.

"You are sure it is not serious," I repeated.

"Quite sure, my dear sir. I will stake my professional reputation on that. You have no cause for alarm."

"Thank God for that!" I ejaculated.

"Meanwhile," continued he, "it is absolutely necessary that our young patient be kept perfectly quiet. No excitement you understand. She has just recovered from a fit of hysterics, and delirium has supervened ——"

A short, sharp cry of terror interrupted him, followed by a long low wail that seemed to pierce my very heart. I was on the point of rushing to Elsie when the doctor stopped me.

"It might be fatal," he said briefly. "You see," he continued, as poor Elsie began to mutter and moan, "as I said, delirium. Nothing dangerous," he added, observing my look of alarm. "Keep her quiet, and I will send up a sedative draught that will do her good. She will be much better in the morning. Bless me," he cried, looking at the great gold turnip that he called his chronometer, "it is almost daybreak. I have the honour to wish you good morning, sir," and he bowed himself out.

"Good heavens!" I thought, "what heartless wretches these doctors are. That man stands there and watches a poor weak girl in pain, and coolly talks about "an interesting case," and of her sufferings as "nothing, absolutely nothing." "

Elsie was quiet now, but suddenly she broke out again:—

"Jack," she wailed out, in plaintive, heart-rending tone. "Jack! Oh! it's coming again! Don't leave me, Jack!"

Grieved beyond measure as I was at seeing her suffer I could not help turning to where Jack stood. He coloured up violently and hastily left the room. I was just about following him when my mother stopped me.

"George," she said, with something of the old tone of authority that she used to employ to me when I was a small, unruly urchin, "go to your room. Go straight to bed, you are tired and excited. We will take care of Elsie and you shall see her to-morrow."

I obeyed mechanically, muttering as I went, "Elsie? Elsie?" I hardly knew what I said, or why I said it. I strode up the stairs in the same mechanical way, my thoughts were so bitter, I could not account for my actions. At the top of the stairs I met Jack, who had been waiting for me. He said nothing, but simply took my two hands in his, and looked me in the face. His great blue eyes were filled with tears.

"Jack, is this manly, is it honest?"

"George, old fellow," he said at last with a great gulp that almost choked his voice, "it is not my doing. I have remembered my promise, aye, and kept it too, though it was very hard. I have tried to avoid her, to keep out of her sight. George, I am telling the truth."

"But, Jack," I continued, making a strong effort to remain calm, "you ——"

No, I could not frame the word. He understood me, however.

"Of course I do," he replied sorrowfully. Can I help loving her, so good, so gentle, so kind? George, I have tried my best to dislike her, to hate her even, but it's useless. I can't. George, George, old fellow, never mind; it was cruel, but she must love you, she wouldn't have taken you else. I shall go away, I can't bear to see her again. I will only wait till Christmas is past, and then I shall leave the Hall, and seek my fortune somewhere, in Australia, Canada, anywhere; there are lots of places where a young fellow can make his way, and it is time that I should think of doing something for myself. Good-night, old fellow. God bless you," and he turned into his room and locked the door.

I walked off to my bedroom, and throwing myself upon the bed gave myself up entirely to my bitter reflections.

I saw it all. She had never loved me, it was my fortune she loved. I was the elder brother, the wealthy heir, and she loved the younger, the portionless brother. But the wealth had dazzled her, and she had accepted me. By Heaven, no, it was impossible! Her mother, aye, that was it, her mother had compelled her to take this step to rescue her from her poverty. Oh! how blind I had been. Why, from the first it was as plain as daylight. Had she not hesitated long before accepting my offer? had she not even told me that she did not love me, and yet, like a fool, I must needs press on her the love she despised Then, whenever she saw Jack how she brightened up always, and how her whole manner changed. To me she was always cold and distant, and to him, oh! how different. Why, only the night before had she not called me Mr. Bellamy, and him Jack; and had she not added that she was so glad to see him, while

SANTA CLAUS AT WORK.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR ARTIST.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

SUPPLEMENT.

CHRISTMAS, 1870.

"GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST!"

[AFTER THE ALTARPIECE IN THE CHAPEL ROYAL, BERLIN.]

THE HOLIDAYS.

As the season of annual presentations and holiday festivities is so closely approaching, a few words of advice to our numerous readers may not be thrown away. There are establishments in this city which are capable of supplying the wants of the most fastidious, and within whose walls are contained such a variety and assortment of goods, that all classes and all pockets may be suited. Jewellery, Furs, Satins, Silks, Shawls, Laces, Perfumes, Toilet Articles, and Confectionary in every variety can be found to please the old and young, the rich and moderate poor, while beauty and comeliness can select new adornments. The fashion of presenting mementoes of our affection one to the other can be traced nearly two thousands years back, and we are sure there is not one of our readers but can recall their childish days, when the gifts of those fond parents, who have perhaps passed away, filled their hearts with an ecstacy of joy, and which, in after years, have been to us the only links between the living and the dead. How many a heart throbs with tenderness at the remembrance that that bracelet, or that ring, or that gift, whatsoever it may have been, was the commencement of a royal love that is living now May all such gifts this season be new ties blessed to the giver as well as to the receiver.

BRIEF SKETCH OF A SUCCESSFUL COMPANY.

The Traveler's Life and Accident Insurance Company, located in the city of Hartford, and State of Connecticut, is not only the pioneer Accident Insurance Company of America, but is now the only Company in the States writing yearly general accident policies—all the others having long since retired from the field. The success of the Traveler's is, in fact, something remarkable, in view of the great difficulties it has had to encounter. Ample capital, abundant energy, and able management, however, carried it safely through, and it has now attained to an enviable position of stability and permanence.

The Company was organised and commenced business on the 1st of April, 1864, and has now nearly completed its seventh year. During that period it has written two hundred thousand general accident policies, and paid *a million and a quarter* in benefits to its policy holders for death or injury by accident. These claims paid range from five dollars to ten thousand dollars each in amount, and number about *thirteen thousand*. Out of two hundred and eight death losses by accident, paid previous to Oct. 1, 1870, no less than *thirty-two* were on residents of the Dominion. The Traveler's is well known, and does a considerable business throughout the Provinces.

Four years ago a Life Department was established for the issue of all the popular forms of life and endowment policies, on the low rate cash plan. It has met with encouraging success, and upwards of *ten thousand* full life policies have already been written. The cash plan is unquestionably the best in insurance, as in other business transactions. For a certain definite sum per annum, the Company grants a definite amount of insurance. The policy is always worth its face, there being no notes or premium credits to deduct; the premium is never larger than expected, for it is fixed before the policy is insured, and cannot be increased by assessments, or interest on notes or loans, for there are none. The Traveler's furnishes more *insurance* for a given sum than most other Companies, and in the vital matter of *security* is excelled by none, its cash assets amounting to $182 for every $100 of liability.

The head agency for the Dominion is at No. 241 St James Street, Montreal.—T. E. Foster General Agent.

HENDERSON'S.

The two cities of the World where Furs are to be seen in all their variety and splendour are Montreal and St. Petersburg. In St. Petersburg the rich nobles and their wives are actually buried in furs when they go abroad, and the splendid sables that have cost thousands of roubles and the lives of a hundred poor exiles in Siberia, and some of which may have been trapped by a prince once mightier than the lord that wears them, seem to be as common there as the other is here. It does not seem that the Russians wear these magnificent furs for mere warmth's sake, but because, half-barbaric that they are, they love to display wealth. We have seen a cloak in St. Petersburg valued at $8,000, which belonged to the Princess Demidoff. The Russians have, as we said, a mania for furs, and we have often thought how little the owners reflect upon the cost of time and of labour, upon the hair-breadth escapes, on the lonely tramp and the long watching, on the combats by sea and by land, that are written in silent characters on each and every hair of those varied furs. The history of the Sable and the Ermine bring up to our mind a world of memories. What a long train of gaunt figures stalk before us, what curses are muttered at the name of those harmless animals, what sorrows have been written and graven in the heart through the love of fashion's votaries for those animals' coats. Thousands of Poles, rich, lordly, proud once, have been compelled for years in exile to hunt amid the snows and the ice in order to trap them; success might alleviate their hardships, failure entailed the knout. We never can forget a Polish lady at Baden-Baden, who said to us, "Never mention the name of Sable or of Ermine; they seem black as the grave; they are the symbols of deaths; the sight of them makes me shudder; oh, if you knew the horrors, the awful privations and hardships my countrymen have had to undergo to obtain those wretched furs, you would loathe them." "But are they not beautiful?" we asked. "Yes," she replied, "they are beautiful, and they have warmth in them; they keep the body and heart warm, and God knows they suit the Russians, for their hearts are cold enough." "But the Ermine," I said, "is not so very much worn by the nobles." "No," she again exclaimed; "that is for your kings, for your judges; there is a sanctity about your Ermine; it is the emblem of justice. Has that white creamy little wretch they call the Ermine, by its death brought justice to our people? No; Ermine is beautiful; it is delicate to the touch, softer than velvet, warmer than love, chaste in its beauty as virgin purity, and yet it is the emblem of cruelty, which you call justice; your Queen wore it at her coronation; your Lord Chancellor wears it; Napoleon the 1st that was to save Poland decorated his Imperial purple with it; your great judges all wear it, and women call it beautiful; alas! my husband's and two sons' graves in the lonely wastes of Siberia attest it, that it is the symbol of cruelty, but which you call justice." Well, there can be no doubt that Ermine has decorated the forms of some of the most kingly scoundrels that ever disgraced existence. But in Canada there is no peculiar misery connected with the obtaining of furs. It finds employment for the wary and fleet-footed Indian, for the sailor on our coasts, for the brave and hardy huntsman and backwoodsman. The pursuit and continued development of the fur trade in this country has certainly been of incalculable value in one way. It has been the means of supporting the Hudson's Bay Company for over two hundred years, and by their agency we have been made conversant with the geographical features of regions which may prove of incalculable value in a future time. Even now the cohorts of civilization are thundering at their gates, and soon a human sea will sweep along the Assiniboine and Saskatchewan. These will not injure the fur trade. No, the furs are in colder regions. In Canada furs are almost a necessity, and to the stranger the streets are a novelty; he wonders in winter where all the furs come from. As he passes along he hears the names of Sea Otter, Sable Mink, Wolf, &c. How lovely the women look, their cheerful faces peeping out of the white hoods that border their faces; what a halo of purity seems to surround them from white hood to swan-hued wolfskin, and then to "the snow, the beautiful snow." There is only one hue, and the merry bells jingle, and the frost is crisp as they hurry along fur-clad through Montreal. Furs are costly, but there is an air of richness, of solid gentility in their appearance that appertains to no other clothing.

Henderson has furs of marvellous quality and of splendid hue. Mink of a beautiful dark or Quadroon brown. These are brought from Lower Canada, which produces the best in the World. Then there are Russian and Hudson's Bay Sables fit to purchase a king's ransom; South Sea Sealskins, now the most fashionable fur and consequently in great demand. In passing through Henderson's we observe splendid cloaks of Seal-skin, Mink- and Otter-trimmed, just the sort of present to make to a future bride. Here are caps at all prices, and made from the most sumptuous looking furs. There are Rugs, from the Arctic Seas, Polar Bear, from the Canadas, Black Bears and Grizzly Bear, from the Rocky Mountains; Wolf-skins and arctic Fox-skins, of immaculate whiteness, and Ermine from Siberia, of virgin purity. If our readers desire furs of any kind it is only necessary to examine the stock at Henderson's in order to make a selection. To the stranger from the States it will prove a treat just to examine the various skins to be seen here. Hats, Coats, Jackets, Muffs, and Gloves can be had of every variety at

JOHN HENDERSON & CO'S.,
Hatters & Furriers, (Crystal Block,)
283, NOTRE DAME STREET, MONTREAL.

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

THE DOUBLE-BEDDED ROOM.

BY CHARLES LODGE.

Some men age very early. I am one of them. I am very grizzled and rugged; wear a shabby coat by preference, and am not at all anxious to cramp my feet into boots a size or two too small for me Somehow knocking about Canada without any particular object in life except heifers and whiskey-punch, does tend to bring a man down in his personal appearance.

But ten years ago, though you'd never guess it to look at me now, I was a smart young lieutenant of artillery enough. When a fellow is under five-and-twenty, with two or three hundred a year or so for pocket money, and twelve months' furlough after seven years in India, he can generally manage to enjoy himself. I know I could, well.

I had become uncommonly tired of grinding through the slow old monotonous routine of party-going amongst the merchants of Bombay, of dangling over croquet up the country, and getting an occasional holiday on the hills, and my great idea was Paris. That's what I said to Fulton, who would have liked to come back with me; he's on the staff corps now, I'm told, and doing very well.

"'F course you'll stop and see the Pyramids, and Cairo, and Bagdad, and all that," said Fulton, as we sat and watched the black fellows packing my bullock trunks the other side of the blinds.

"Bother the Pyramids, and the Sphynx into the bargain," I remarked, in return; "I want to see Mabille."

Perhaps you may say it wasn't a particularly intellectual sort of thing to wish for, but then I never set up for being one of your clever characters. I'd rather cross the Atlantic to hear Nilsson as Marguerite than come up to Montreal to inspect the fiddle that Nero played while Rome was burning, and I prefer following the hounds to attending a scientific conversazione any day in the week. Perhaps I may as well remark at this time that I am an Irishman, that my name is Denis Hackett, and that I stand six feet one in my boots. It is just as well to have these points cleared up early.

Well, not to bother the reader with the old story of the overland route journey, I reached Paris quite safely I didn't stay long, however.

Of course it is a young man's first duty to study the contemporaneous history of his own and other countries, so I always read the newspapers. I've no doubt I should have studied the French and German papers which lie on the table at Galignani's with careful attion, only, you see, not being a literary party, I don't happen to know a word of either language. If it were Hindustani, now ———. Anyway I read the *Times* with sedulous attention every morning at nine o'clock, punctually, (one gets into early habits in India, and I get up at seven to this day.) Sauntering down in the usual manner about a week after I reached the poor city now so fallen from her gay and thoughtless estate, a paragraph in the first column caught my attention.

On the 14th instant, at St. Michael's Church, Enniscorthy, ARTHUR MATTHEW MURPHY, of Balrothery, County Kilkenny, to ALICE, daughter of JEREMIAH HACKETT, Esq., of Dare Hall, Co. Wexford.

I really don't think I had a greater shock when I found the news of poor Tom Purcell's death in an old Australian newspaper three or four years back. Little Alice married! Little Alice, my half-sister, the sweetest, prettiest, most engaging little fairy that ever lived, a mere baby! Why it seemed but the other day that she had sat on my knee, with her fair hair tumbling all over her shoulders and my new uniform, as she laid her head down on Big Denis' arm, and coaxed for one of the bright buttons off the front of the tunic I was so proud of! Little witch, she got it too, I never could refuse her anything, and my poor father looked down at us, and said it was a pity it would be no good for Alice to wait to marry me. Little Alice! why she *must* be a child still. How could anyone dream of converting that little bit of a fragile thing into a matron?

Still, when I came to reflect, it was quite practicable after all. My father had been dead some years, and Alice had been living with her uncle near Wexford. Yes, she must be seventeen turned, really a woman at last I remembered she had sent me a photograph some eighteen months before, and she seemed to be a good deal altered therein. It was a very bad photograph.

Of course it was no wonder I hadn't heard the news before, for they didn't know I was coming home, in fact I wanted to have a little fun before I paid any visits, either of affection or ceremony, and I reflected that if my friends didn't know I was in Europe they couldn't be very hard on me for neglecting them. So little Alice had got married, and I received the first intelligence by the public papers. Who was the man? I tried to think I had a sort of indistinct recollection, like that one has of a character in a dream, of some fellow called Murphy of Balrothery, whom I had met and hadn't liked. A handsome man he was, with black whiskers and a sallow face. It was quite possible it wasn't the same man, however; or even if it were, I might easily have formed a wrong impression concerning him. At all events, I would go over to Ireland at once. With something of a sigh, I made up my mind to abandon delightful, wicked, worldly, charming Paris, and I packed the light luggage I had brought with me the same afternoon. That was the 17th of December, and I left the next morning to go down the river in the steamer.

Clear, bright and fresh the morning opened, and clear, fresh and bright the day remained. The "pleasant fields of France" stretched out on either side of the cold river, rather flat and uninteresting, unless where the long stretch was broken by one of the quaint old-fashioned villages. Not a particle of snow on the ground, all black and gaunt in the keen air. No Canadian winter along that northward flowing river on the 18th of December, 1860.

Rouen at last, with its noble quay, its handsome wharves, and its strange, tall, many gabled houses behind in an inextricable confusion of overhanging narrow streets. And, when we stop to look about us a little, the market place, and the bronze statue, with the calm, upturned, resigned, lovely face; the hands clasping the rough cross made of a broken spear shaft to the breast; and the sweet soft girl's figure clothed in the rough mail of the warrior. Noble, feminine, inspired, gallant Joan of Arc, Maid of Orleans, I do thee homage from afar.

There was no moving the same night when we reached Havre, so we had to pass some twelve or fourteen hours in that evil-smelling, slow, unpleasant Quebec of northern France, with its continual stairs, and its houses piled almost one on top of the other. In the morning I went down early to the pier, to see the Southampton boat, which was late, come in. There was the usual unfeeling chaff as the passengers crossed on shore, pale, miserable, green, seasick. I must say, though I don't consider myself a particularly heartless person, I always derive some sort of satisfaction from contemplating the agonies of others under the influence of that terrible *mal de mer*. It is some sort of compensation for the diabolical sufferings which I undergo myself upon the smallest pretext. So I gloated. I was smoking; it always tantalizes sea-sick persons to see a healthy wretch with a cigar in his mouth. Also, I was blowing rings out into the sharp morning air. While my eyes were fixed on the deck of the packet boat a man passed out of her, who reminded me very strongly of some one I knew, whom I could not for the life of me call to mind. A gentlemanly-looking man, tall, and with regular features and very handsome black whiskers. He might have been about thirty-five, but he was as slightly made and elegant looking as a man seven years younger. He carried a small black portmanteau in his hand, and seemed to have no other luggage. I am a quick observer, and I took in all these details almost at once. With all his good looks, there was an expression about his face I did not at all like. His lips were thin and pale, a mere line in his face, and there was an exceedingly sinister look in his eyes as he glanced about him. The crush of people pushed him at one time against the barrier. It was a mere accident, and the same sort of thing was happening to every one there, but he turned whiter than ever with passion, and swore in an exceedingly nasty manner just below his breath. As the crowd swayed he was brought close up to me, and then I noticed a rather peculiar circumstance. His clothes were quite new, and of a very fashionable cut, a blue coat and lavender trousers, such as a man would only wear in very full morning dress But the handsome coat was torn from the opening of the lapel right across the breast to the armpit, and his linen, which was fine, was soiled and disordered, as though he had not taken it off for some days. Altogether he was a man of remarkable appearance.

After he was gone, and all the rest of the heterogeneous collection of men and women who cross the channel in winter-time had disappeared to their respective havens, I still walked up and down, ruminating on the stranger whom I, who had been in India for seven years, knew as I was sure I knew him. "Who the deuce can he be?" I repeated again and again, and I racked my ideas for a solution of the dilemma. I was in the depth of my perplexity, when the mysterious man reappeared at a distance of some three hundred yards from me, and began to talk to a fellow who was lounging about, and whom I should have taken to be a *lacquais de place* out of work. All of a sudden something in his manner or look recalled his identity to my mind.

"By George," I said aloud, "it's Murphy of Balrothery."

Without thinking particularly of what I was doing, I walked rapidly towards the two who were talking, but Murphy turned away before I could reach him, and went at a smart pace winding about among the devious streets, in which I lost him immediately, though I attempted to follow him. I went back to the pier, and, very curious still, interrogated the idler to whom Murphy had spoken. I remarked previously that I don't understand

French, and I feared that to address my friend would be but a forlorn hope. However, I could but try.

"Do—you--know--that--gentleman?" I said, very slowly and distinctly, so as to give the benighted foreigner every chance. The seedy one, he was dreadfully seedy, replied, "non," so that I couldn't quite make out whether he understood me or no. I thought I would quicken his apprehension a little, and I produced a napoleon, which I held between my finger and thumb. The seedy man's eyes glistened, and he made a little movement of pleasure and expectation.

"What did that gentleman say to you?" I enquired with laborious emphasis

He did comprehend.

"He ask me," he said, "when time de Hamburg bateau to Amerique shall part."

"Oh!" I remarked, in fact "Oh!" was the only comment I could consider applicable to the situation. What business had I to go about enquiring as to another person's affairs? Ah! but then it might have been he that had married Alice; she might even be in Havre at that moment.

"Do you know where he lives?" I asked of my friend, who appeared to consider that the coin was a long while coming, and whose face had fallen considerably, though hope seemed to spring eternal in his breast. Of course he didn't know, but I gave him the money, though I must say I thought my bargain a dear one, and should have liked, if I had not been ashamed, to substitute a five franc piece. After I got back to the hotel, I reflected more calmly. It couldn't be the Murphy I had seen whom dear little Alice had married, for it wasn't at all likely that he would be running about France with a torn coat on within a week after his wedding. No! it must be another Murphy, and to say truth I felt exceedingly glad of it, for I had taken the most unconquerable aversion to the man, and felt an instinctive repugnance to think that the happiness of my poor little sister could by any possibility be intrusted to the owner of that dark and evil-looking countenance. I tried to put him aside, but he haunted me like a shadow, as we went ploughing across the channel, (during which passage I was as unwell as usual), rattling up to London, whirling to Holyhead, plunging over to dear old Ireland, and rolling up to Dublin. I couldn't get rid of him, and the more I couldn't get rid of him the more I didn't like him.

I lay in Dublin the night of the 22nd, and should have slept well had not all the clothes slipped off about twelve o'clock, leaving me to dream of Sir John Franklin, a white bear, Nelson, and upsetting icecream over my legs, before I awoke almost frozen and in a very bad temper. Just as I was getting nicely to sleep again, a singular low moaning cry just outside the window roused me up again. I sat up in bed, but almost instantly threw myself down again, with a laugh at my own folly in supposing that there were not all sorts of strange noises in a large city at night-time. It came twice after that, always the same melancholy noise, more like an Eolian harp than anything else I could think of, but with a pathetic sort of reproach in its tone, as it sounded to me. However, I was too sleepy to think much of anything but slumber, and I speedily dropped off again.

As I walked down Sackville Street the next morning, whom should I see a little in front of me but Bob Fitzgerald, one of the completest conventional Irishmen, for a fellow who had moved in the best society, I have ever met, a regular Boyle Roche. He was swaggering up, with the Dublin man's walk, the Dublin man's back, and the Dublin man's hat, slightly cocked, as finely defined as ever I saw them. There was no mistaking him, though his face was invisible, and I could see nothing but his coat buttons and his great red whiskers—he calls them Rembrandt brown. I touched him on the shoulder. He turned round suddenly with a magnificent expression of haughty displeasure on his countenance. He looked me all over in quite a Simon Tappertit fashion, and then ejaculated with a stern tone, "well sir-r!" I smiled.

"Have ye any commands for me, sir?" he enquired, with cutting irony.

I mentioned my name. You should have seen his face clear up, and burst into a grin like the sun from behind a cloud, as the poet fellows say.

"Come this way, Denis, ye scamp," says he, lugging me along into a side street. "Begad I thought ye were the big brother," which, indeed, was all the greeting I ever got from the worthy fellow.

"Whose big brother? you great owl," I said. "Are you still at your old games?"

"Oh, no," says Bob; "it's real this time. I'm going to be a steady, settled family man, Denny. Such a charming creature, ——— with three thousand a year in her own right."

"Well done, at last," I remarked, in a congratulatory manner, (Bob hasn't a farthing beyond two hundred a year, tnat his brother allows him, and which is forestalled to its utmost value); "when's the happy event coming off?"

"Well," he said, becoming a little crestfallen, "the fact of the matter is the relations think I'm not old enough, and I haven't been able to speak to Mariana, yet. In fact they haven't let me get inside the house."

"Not old enough!" I laughed; "they don't want a chicken then," (he is thirty-three if he's a day.)

"I suppose that's what they mean," said the sanguine Romeo, "for they said I didn't know how to take care of myself, and shouldn't be able to take care of a wife."

"But the lady must be of age, isn't she?"

"Oh yes, she's of age. Yes, *she's* of age, right enough."

"Why don't she take you, then, and hang the relations?"

"Well," says he, "I haven't asked her, and so I haven't been able to overcome an unfavourable impression I made when I was first introduced."

The fact of the matter was, as I heard subsequently, that he had only met the fair Mariana, who was as old as himself, once, at a pic-nic, when in trying a fascinating attitude for her benefit, he had managed to upset a cup of coffee down the back of her neck. He succeeded, finally, in proposing in writing, and received his letter back torn into neat little squares and made up into packets, like Postage Stamps. He is now after another heiress.

He took me into a sort of half club half coffee house to which he had access, and introduced me to some friends of his there, very nice fellows, doubtless, but with an indefinable horsiness and slanginess about them which was perceptible even to me who had passed my griffinage in Asia. The conversation was rather desultory, and of a decidedly sporting tendency. There was one man with light cord trousers and a blue "bird's-eye" necktie, who seemed to be a very strong authority amongst the others, and he and Bob seemed to divide precedence, the latter in virtue of his gentility, the other on account of his information. At last some one said:

"I suppose Murphy won't turn up any more on the turf for a year or two, at all events."

"Let's hope not, any way," said Bob, and added, with a sigh,

"What luck that scamp's got!"

I pricked up my ears, but really Murphy is such a common name that I didn't feel entitled to ask any questions, though I was burning to do so. The next words, however, from another of the company, made me resolve to speak.

"Will he try and keep Balrothery, or will he let it go?"

I took Fitzgerald on one side.

"Who are they talking of, Bob, for God's sake?" I asked.

"An awful scamp; a fellow who used to be about here a good deal," he answered; "never saw him myself, but heard an awful lot about him, and precious little good. He did some very queer things at the Curragh, and some queerer still with the dice. He was over-head-and-ears in debt, and could'nt have stayed in Ireland another month without getting into prison, but for his confounded luck. I wish I'd had it myself," he added.

"Who is he at all?" I said, in a good deal of agitation.

"His name's Murphy—Murphy of Balrothery."

"Good God!" I said, aghast, though I had been afraid of this thing all along; "and what was his luck?"

"Married an heiress," said Bob, staring hard at me; "but what's the matter, old boy?"

I sat down, for I was quite overcome.

"He married no heiress," I said; "he married ———(here I recollected myself.) Never mind whom, Bob, and just keep quiet about this. Do you know the lady's name?" clinging to the last straw, there might be some mistake yet. He didn't know, and offered to try and find out, but I wouldn't let him.

Of course I felt it would be my duty to go down at once and find out the whole truth. If all I feared were true, Alice might be left alone in her husband's house. I knew she had no fortune such as could do anything to save a man such as this Murphy was reported to be,—only some two thousand pounds, and he might have been forced to leave the country in haste, when it was discovered that he had no means of meeting his engagements. Poor little child, I thought, it's hard upon her, even if this fellow loves her, to be cast upon the world so soon. I could not find out in Dublin, without making enquiry more open than I cared to do, where this confounded Balrothery was,so I went straight off to Wexford; and there asked my way. I was annoyed to find that it was the other side of Kilkenny, forty good Irish miles, and no conveyance but a car to be obtained. It was then already well on into the day of the 24th, and I should have liked to reach the house before Christmas.

We started, the carman and I, through a rather bleak country, at that time of the year. for there was no snow on the ground, and the great rough walls looked very cold and hard and rugged, cutting the country in all directions. The sky was black and leaden, and the clouds formed a heavy canopy close to the earth. I couldn't help thinking of poor little Alice looking out upon that dreary prospect perhaps in utter loneliness, and watching for the return of the husband who would not come. Poor child! her horizon must be very dark and narrow!

Before we reached the border, the rain, which had long been threatening, came down in torrents. The driver, cheerful and high-spirited as his countrymen generally are, more so under difficulties, perhaps, than in prosperity, pulled the cape of his frieze coat over his head, and began to hum to himself beneath it. I had only my velvet collared French great coat, and I was very soon wet to the skin. Irish miles are rather tedious, and before very long it became evident that the horse was completely used up, in spite of the shouted assurance of the driver that "he's all right, yer honour, good for another thirty miles yet." At last, just as we got within sight of some scattered lights, the poor beast broke down altogether, and refused to move a step After trying every artifice, we both dismounted, and led our equipage some two miles into the long street of the little town of Kilkenny.

"Where's the hotel," said I to the carman."

"Hotel, is it? Bedad, beyant Bryan Wilkinson's public house and Molly Geraghty's shebeen, there's no place ye can get a sup o' liquor at all, barrin' that it's Christmas eve, and they'll let yez in for the love o' God."

"But I want a bed, and a fire to warm me, and you'll want a place to put your horse."

"Niver moind me and the baste, yer honour, we'll do."

"Oh, nonsense," I said, "let's try these places, and see if interest or charity will move them best."

We thundered at Mr. Wilkinson's door for somewhere about half an hour, at the expiration of which time a lattice window slowly opened, and an ominous looking bell-mouthed blunderbuss, of the '98 pattern, appeared.

"Hollo, there," I yelled; "we're travellers, and want———"

"Ye'll get *slugs*," said a hoarse voice.

"Food and shelter," I roared.

"Slugs: divil a less," said the voice, and the barrel of the infernal old weapon was lowered until it covered us in a very unpleasant manner.

"Come away," said the driver, in a frightened whisper. "Begor, he manes it, the ould rapparee."

I thought it would be best to come away, and I did so pretty speedily.

"Well," I said, "if Molly isn't more propitious, we'll stand a good chance of being drowned before morning."

We walked down the street till my guide pointed out a low, straggling, old-fashioned lath and mud house, with a projecting first story above the rambling ground floor, a place that looked as though a strong puff of wind would send it in sticks and flinders about the untidy street. There was a light pelping through a broken pane in this place, however, and seldom was a sight more grateful to any one than that glimmer in the tumbledown old hovel was to me.

I struck at the ricketty portal with the handle of the driver's whip, and we instantly heard a rapid scuffling, followed by a hush.

"Open the door," I called through the crevices of that dilapidated bar to our entrance, or I shall have to break it in." I followed up the threat with a very imperative blow, and I was really prepared to carry it out, had the silence lasted. In a few moments there was a sound of slipshod thick shoes being dragged, clap, clap, across a tiled floor, and the rusty bolts rattled as they were drawn, and the rusty hinges creaked as the door was opened a few inches cautiously. I pressed firmly against it, and in another minute was in the house. The old woman, who had, I feel sure quite against her will, let me through, was a feeble old soul, much afflicted, evidently, by too much old age, tobacco, rheumatism, and whiskey. She was a blear-eyed, mumbling, decrepit hag enough, and she was whimpering out some complaint, as she shook in her trodden-down shoes with the cold air the unclosing of the door had admitted, and cowering in the corner into which my forcible entry had compelled her to retreat.

"Ah, thin," she whined, in a quivering shrill pipe, "who are ye at all that comes coshering intil honest folks' homes at midnight, bad manners to ye."

"Hush," I said, "don't be foolish; I'm a traveller, and weather-bound, and I have come to a public house for food and shelter;" and I shewed a couple of sovereigns.

The old woman clambered wheezing up some stairs that led winding out of the great wild kitchen in which I found myself, with the driver by my side,—he wasn't afraid to leave his horse, poor beast. I had time to notice that this, which seemed to be the common drinking room of the house, had but little furniture beyond half-a-dozen or eight tottering chairs and stools, none of which had escaped mutilation of some sort or another; an old armchair, comfortably cushioned, and placed in the corner of the great hearth for the greater convenience of resting one lame side on a box; and a large table very much on one side. There were a few platters and a good many drinking mugs more or less broken hanging on nails driven into the mud-plastered wall, a rough print or two pasted up crookedly here and there, without much regard to artistic effect, an old oil lamp and a tallow candle in a bottle on the table, cheek by jowl with another bottle which did not contain a candle, and finally a turf fire, smouldering low. I stepped up to this last, and stirred it with my foot into a little more activity; it was bitterly cold. Presently we heard the old woman painfully and laboriously descending the crooked and worn staircase, and her step was followed by another, more even, but just as slow. They came together, and the new-comer was a person such as I should hardly have expected to see in such a place. She was very old, quite as old as the crone who had received us, but sufficiently neat, tidy, and respectable looking. The other, whom I now perceived to be a sort of servant, though what service under the broad heavens she could possibly have performed I am at a loss to imagine, introduced her briefly, as she gained her breath ———, "The Misthress."

"The Misthress," in a rather pleasant low voice, said:

"Martha was tellin' me, Sir, you wished accommodation." (I should judge her to have been an Englishwoman from her accent, but living for some time in Ireland.)

"Yes," I said, "Mrs. Geraghty, you may see we are completely soaked, and I trust you can let us have some sort of lodging while our clothes are drying. I have to go on to Balrothery to-morrow, but the horse is worn out, and it would be impossible to travel ten miles on foot at this time, even if I knew the way, or could hope for admittance in the middle of the night." As I spoke the old lady's eyes dilated, her mouth fell, and her face assumed an aspect of perfect terror.

"*Where* did you say? *where?*" she said eagerly.

I answered, in some surprise, "To Balrothery."

"Oh! wirra, wirra!" she muttered, passing her hands rapidly one over the other as though in pain.

"What is it?" I said quickly, "is anything wrong there?"

She looked up, was silent a moment, and then as though she had just recollected something, she tried to compose her face, as she answered, with a pitiful expression:

"No, no, nothing; nothing at all."

It was very strange, I didn't know at all what to make of it, but I was dead tired, and I asked again if I could get a bed.

"There's none in the house."

"Anything at all will do, a mattrass on the floor, a shakedown on the table, anywhere that I can get my clothes dry and sleep a few hours. I'm ready to pay anything in reason."

"I don't know; couldn't you go somewhere else?"

"How is it possible, at this hour, and where? Come," I pressed, and I put the two sovereigns towards her, "try and find something, Mrs. Geraghty."

The money seemed to be a temptation, the house was very poor, two pounds would last a long while, two pounds is a great sum in a hovel.

She seemed to consider. At length she said, hesitatingly:

"There is a bed ———"

"Well, well," I cried, impatiently, "then please let me have it as soon as you can. I don't mind another sovereign, even, in the morning."

"But it's a double-bedded room, and there's someone in the other bed."

"I don't mind that, and I daresay the other gentleman won't either."

"It's not a gentleman," she replied, "it's *a lady*."

I was somewhat taken aback. This intelligence complicated the matter rather. But then it couldn't be *a lady*, really, in this ramshackle hole. Some old country woman, perhaps, benighted on her way home from the county town, who certainly might be fastidious, but whose delicacy I shouldn't much mind shocking.

"Is it an old lady?"

"Ah! no," she said, with a drop in her voice that might have been a groan, it was so sudden, "young; young and beautiful."

"Phew!"

This was awkward. I considered again. I was much disconcerted. I remembered suddenly that the beds in the houses in the south of Ireland that are wealthy enough to have beds at all, it is by no means uncommon to find old four-posters with curtains all round. Perhaps Mrs. Geraghty's were of this pattern. I chanced it.

"Couldn't you manage to smuggle me in. I'll draw the curtains close, and never touch them, on my honour, till the morning. I shall sleep sound, and the lady may get up and dress without ever knowing anything about me. It's worth while for three pounds."

She thought for a little while.

"Ah, well," she said, with a deep sigh,—poor creature! she feared to lose the shilling or so that her customer would give her, and even the possession of gold could not cure her of the accustomed feeling.

"The lady's asleep now, I suppose?"

"Sound asleep, fast asleep," said she.

I took off my boots and socks and coats and waistcoat, and went softly up the creaking stairs, to the worm-eaten floor above. It was very close, and there was the musty, oppressive, almost offensive smell that one often notices in old chambers when the furniture

THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.

CHRIST BLESSING THE LITTLE CHILDREN.

and hangings and clothes have laid for years amidst dampness and ill-ventilation. She took me into a rather large room with a floor slanting away in all directions into the black darkness, which a wretched fluttering candle served to shew rather than to illuminate. By the side of one of the beds, the old-fashioned four-posters I had expected, on a clumsy stool, sat the old woman who had let me in, with her gaunt elbows on her shaking knees, and her wretched old head trembling with palsy, and her mouth mumbling in a manner horrible to see. On the opposite side was a similar bed, but with its legs all bent and distorted out of the perpendicular by the weight of the body, and its dreary hangings drooping from it and clinging about it like a cloak on the limbs of a skeleton. There was a grim tall old cabinet, or press, on the side opposite to the window, which latter was carefully curtained, and this gruesome thing stood up like a menacing monster ready to fall and overwhelm the whole. Whether it may have ever been polished, this awful piece of furniture, I am unable to say, it bore no traces of anything of the kind, but was entirely dead, black, and gloomy, with the exception of two brass handles by which the doors were opened, (ugh! I wouldn't have opened them for a hundred pounds) and which were just caught by the faint light, so that they glittered like two dull eyes from out the darkness.

I turned thankfully into the old bed, rolled myself in the damp and mouldy sheets as though they had been of the most luxurious lawn, and prepared for slumber. But sleep would not come so readily in that weird chamber. It was a fearful night; the wind whistled in mighty gusts down the street, and over the house tops, and round the corners, and the rattle of broken glass and of falling chimneys was almost incessant. The crazy lattice of the room I was in gave and cracked as the wind rushed wildly at it and the rain beat in unsteady sheets against it; and the dark curtain, close pinned down, flapped and bellied like a sail as the cracks of the fittings admitted the air. The light of the old woman's candle threw a ghastly ray of light through each hole in the moth-devoured curtains, and I could hear her rock and nod as she mumbled herself into an imbecile slumber. I tried all sorts of methods to induce the sleep I needed so much. I thought of the lovely lady in the bed opposite, who was so closely guarded. Bah! some red-cheeked bouncing country wench, whom the two old women thought a paragon of beauty because she resembled what they themselves had been in their girlhood I laughed at their precautions. Then I reflected about my journey, and wondered how little Alice was preparing to keep her Christmas. Perhaps, after all, Murphy was not so black as he was painted, and besides, I might easily have been deceived at Havre in the personality of a man I had not seen for seven or eight years, and whom I scarcely knew to bow to even then. Very likely they were making great preparations for an old Irish jollification the next day,—no, that same day,—and wouldn't at all care to see my forgotten face appear among them unexpectedly, like a ghost or a ———

And at that moment came just under the window the most awful thrilling, unearthly low shriek or wail I have ever heard. It was like what I had heard faintly at Dublin, but near, distinct, and pronounced. I never knew till that moment what was meant by the expression that the blood runs cold. I learnt then. I started up in bed with a cry, and had made a step to leap out of bed. The old woman on the stool woke up with a start.

"Ah, would ye, thin," she cried, under her breath, "remember yer promise."

"But did you hear ———?" I commenced.

"Whisht, silence," she said, with a gesture of command.

I lay down again, and heard her moaning, in her feeble way, "Och, wirrasthrue, wirrasthrue."

By Jove, I felt uncommonly uncomfortable, and I envied the car driver, Terry O'Rourke, lying on a bundle of peat in his frieze coat opposite the turf embers. All sorts of fancies and horrors crowded through my brain in thick succession, like the figures in a delirium, and it was not till sheer and utter weariness compelled me that I sank into a sleep, uneasy and broken at first, but afterwards deep, sound, and dreamless.

When I woke the next morning it was nearly mid-day; the wind had gone down, and the bright sun was shining into the old room through one corner of the window from which the curtain had been torn. The old black press was not nearly so grim in the morning light, and the horrible old woman had gone, though her bottle with the marks of the flaring candle still remained to shew her to have been a thing of reality.

I know nothing so pleasant as the refreshing languor of enjoyment which succeeds a long sleep after much weariness. I washed and dressed very leisurely, and was just about going down stairs to get my clothes which had been left to dry, when, as I reached the door, I suddenly remembered my companion of the night before.

"I don't believe there was anyone in the bed at all," I said half aloud. "The old women sleep there themselves, and only stood out for more money. Nicely I've been bitten."

Something, I don't know what to call it, whether merely ordinary curiosity, or some extraneous force, prompted me to go gently to the side of the bed, and cautiously draw the curtains open a little way. I felt inexpressibly shocked when I saw that the tenant of the companion couch to my own was a Coffin! black and ghastly in the centre of the patchwork bed-furniture. I dropped my hand a moment. It would be a species of sacrilege to pry any farther into the mysteries of death, but ——— who was to say what awful crime that black box might not conceal? It was curiosity that urged me, though I named it duty. I softly raised the lid. By the dim light which penetrated the narrow aperture of the curtains I could see that the occupant was a girl, but faint as the light upon the poor dead face was, there was something in the look of it that sent a dreadful thrill of nameless terror to my heart. Hastily I lifted the cover entirely away, and stripped the curtains back to the pole. I tore down the hangings from the window, and let the full flood of the glorious sunshine into the chamber.

Fair hair, a pale sweet face, eyes decorously closed, and a jewel in each delicate ear. But —a forehead disfigured with a terrible cut, from which the soft hair had been clipped, and which told too plainly the cause of death. And, on the waxen cheek the livid mark of a heavy bruise. But as I gazed, more and more the horrible conviction grew upon me that I was looking upon the corpse of my dear sister. The beautiful, almost childish face was terribly disfigured, and I had not seen the girl for years, but so surely as she had grown to be a woman, no other face in God's world could so have resembled Alice's as this poor dead child's did. I sat me down by the coffin, a faint sickness coming over me for the moment. It was over directly, and I roused to the necessity for action.

As I entered the kitchen, the two old women, who were at some meal or other, huddled together with terrified looks.

"Oh, see his white face, and his blazing eyes," they whispered. "Oh, Sir, you have seen it."

"Who was that lady, women?" I demanded.

Groaning and weeping, after the manner of their kind, they told me how the poor thing had come to the door, a week before, on a bitter and howling night, with the bleeding cut on her forehead, fainting and dying. She said she had fallen on her way into a little stream in the darkness, and struck her head against a stone. They put her to bed, and she became speedily delirious. The village doctor had been called in, but from the first pronounced the case hopeless, and recommended that her friends should be found and communicated with. In her incoherent language she called repeatedly "Arthur, Arthur, Arthur," and "Oh! don't strike me." The doctor had first thought of examining her letters and linen, the latter of which was quite new and very fine. It was marked (I knew what it would be, and dropped my head into my hands as they came to the name) "Alice Murphy," and the letters were directed to "Miss Alice Hackett." Poor child! poor little child! She had died about half-past twelve o'clock on the night of the 22nd at the time when I had heard the cry of the Banshee under my window in Dublin.

Her little pitiful story is soon told. There was deception both on the side of her uncle and on that of the villain Murphy. The latter, whose reputation was principally confined to Dublin, had appeared in Enniscorthy as a gentleman of property, which indeed he was, only the property was encumbered to the last acre. Alice's uncle met him at a run of the Island hounds, and brought him home. The girl was represented as an heiress, and in less than two months they were married. How a man like Murphy could have been so blind and so careless I know not; it is probable that each party, knowing the deception they were practising on the other, did not care to make too close enquiries. Of course, when the ceremony was concluded, the whole story came out with regard to Alice's portion. Murphy, keeping a good face before his wife's relations, took her to his own place, and in two days the bailiffs were in the house, and his person in imminent peril. After a violent scene he struck her with his brutal hand, and turned her out of doors to go to her friends—forty miles away! He himself, the next morning, had but time to escape with what articles he could contrive to lay hands on in a little valise. He was arrested at the gate of his own park, and tearing himself from the hands of the officer, had struck him down with a loaded stick which he carried, from the effects of which blow the man afterwards died.

In company with an English detective I landed in New York three weeks afterwards. The double murderer, for though in law he was not guilty of Alice's death, I hold him to have more cruelly, more violently, more wickedly compassed her end, than that of him for whose homicide he was to answer,—had taken no care to conceal himself. On the little portion, £2,000, which he had received with his victim, he was gambling and living lavishly, according to his custom. His dark face was lighted up with the flush of wine when we entered his room in one of the hotels, and he was telling some story of successful rascality to his companions.

His evil countenance changed slightly when he was arrested, and he evidently heard for the first time of the two deaths he had occasioned. The story being concluded, he turned towards me, of whom I think he must have had an intuitive perception.

"And who's the person in black?" he asked the American police officer; "the devil himself come for me?" His manner and tone were most offensive.

I am not of a very cool temper, though I can command my feelings while there's anything to be done.

"By the Lord!" I said, for I couldn't bear to hear that scoundrel's voice addressing me, "I'll tell you soon enough who I am. I'm the brother of your wife, you murdering ruffian, and I'm going to thrash you within an inch of your life." I caught him by the collar, and had struck him once over the shoulders when he fired. The ball hit me in the shoulder, and I dropped. As consciousness left me, and amidst a confused rush of feet and clamour of voices, I heard him shout 'THAT'S THREE,' with a shout of drunken laughter, and as the room with its overturned table and bottles and glasses scattered all around, faded from my eyes in the smoke which filled it, I saw him turn his pistol to his own head, and felt his blood splash on my face as he fell heavily to the floor.

* * * * * * * *

I could not go back to Europe, the horrors of those four weeks had overcome me too much. I sent in my papers, and came to Canada to settle with my little capital. I am doing well though I could do better, but I am very lonely,—mine is an aimless existence. I miss the sound of a woman's voice, and long for a fair child's head to press against my shoulder, and, not to take arch Alice's place in my heart, but to fill the void there. I could marry, I suppose, but I have gone on in my rough bachelor way so long, that I suppose I shall never break the chain of custom, and shall sit by a solitary hearth until the end.

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Whose is the beautiful pale face with the dark hair, and the grave clear eyes, that I, rough farmer, go to Notre Dame to look at, and to find rest and peace in the contemplation of that I have never found before under the two great towers? 'Tis so long since I have been "in love" that I am slow to recognise the feeling. Let me leave the city. What is this that makes me turn again ere half the journey home be accomplished? Home! I have no home. I am getting old with none but my dogs and my guns for friends.

* * * * * * * *

Educated at Villa Maria, was she? And Irish, like myself? She is very beautiful. Who is she?

A sort of cousin of mine, her name is Steele —Agnes Steele. She is much admired, and justly, for she is as good and gentle as she is handsome.

* * * * * * * *

Agnes Steele loves me, and I her, and we shall be married in a fortnight more.

"You have had some great sorrow in your life, Denis. Were you ever married before, or did you love her first?"

"You too, my darling; that face was not always as sober as now."

"Shall we exchange confidences," (in a low voice and with the beautiful head a little drooped, sure the sweetest woman in the world.)

"Yes."

"I knew I ought to tell you, before our wedding, (looking up for a moment with the frank, trustful, tender eyes), it is a kind of confession. It is about a half-brother of mine."

"And mine, my dearest, about a half-sister."

"Oh, but she was good, wasn't she," (quickly).

"Poor child, yes, she had little time to be anything else; she died in a very sad manner."

"My brother was a very bad man. He married a young lady for money, and killed her, and afterwards committed suicide."

"I scarcely needed to ask the name. It was little use to enquire in that frightened manner the cause of an altered face. I knew with terrible certainty that I, Denis Hackett, had fixed my hopes in life on the sister of my own sister's murderer.

* * * * * * * *

A year has past, she waited for me, in spite of my cruel insult, and the estrangement of my making; she knew I would come back, she said; did I not love her?

And indeed I do, truly. And at last, on this blessed Christmas day, for the sweet sake of my wife Agnes, do I forgive her brother, Arthur Murphy; and may God mercifully receive my prayers for the ultimate rest of his blood-stained soul.

A RELISH.

First the necessities, then the luxuries o life, and let them be various; they should those that touch the royal epicurean palate its most delicate spot. In all ages the palat has been studied, and even the most warlik races, the moment the battle cry has ceas have entered into the study of luxury in al its details. The Romans, stern as they were in war and enduring without complaint the severest privations in their campaigns, in their ease loved to astonish each other by the splen dour and luxuriousness of their repasts. R clining (we read) on couches, they commenced by stimulating appetizers brought by slav Then they had dinner, which consisted of tw divisions, called *Mensa Prima*, the first cours and *Mensa Seconda vel Altera*, the secon course! two thousand years since. Here wa the Bill of Fare:—*Oysters*, eggs, asparagus lettuce, onions, figs, and a mulsum of win mingled with water and sweetened with honey Then came fish, mullet, lamprey, sturgeon pike, and turbot; and for meat, a peacock, pheasant, a kid, a guinea hen, ducks, geese nightingales, thrushes, and perhaps a whol boar stuffed with the flesh of other animals To wash down this abundant banquet wine were served up, either mixed with water with spices, and drank either hot or cold Then came the second course—apples, pear nuts, figs, olives, grapes, pistachio nuts, drie figs, dried grapes or raisins, dates, mushroom pine-nut kernels, and then sweetmeats an confections. Happy old *gourmands*. Lucull was a gentlemanly old diner in and diner ou and his friends knew it; he used to have different room or *triclinium* for each style banquet. He once gave a supper in the ha he called Apollo to Pompey and Cicero, an incurred the expense of 50,000 denarii (eq to $10,000). That beats Delmonico in N York, or the Maison Doré in Paris. Th is people must eat, and it is only a quest of taste, the ability to obtain the article desire, and the power of digestion that can so much variety in our repasts. The Chin like bull-pup pie, bird's-nests and snails curious medley of dishes certainly. The C nibals enjoy boiled babies, roast young la fricassee of old woman, and stewed antic man. The French have always shown a stro partiality for frogs' hind legs, (v nice), and Strasburg (poor Strasburg famous for *Paté de foie gras*, or goo livers, and lately they have indulged in Pa in horse-flesh, ass's-flesh, cats and rats. T Englishman and the American have a decid penchant for oysters. The English spend m lions in the cultivation of their native bed and consider the puny thing a dish for t gods. For our part they always seemed taste like a minute piece of fat soaked in co peras. Americans are the oyster-loving peopl They are the only people who understand ho to eat them or how to cook them. Knowin the finest oysters in the world are on the coasts, in their estuaries and in their bay they have learned to roast, to broil, to fry, grill, to bake, to stew, to pickle, to can, an above all, they have learnt how sumptuou how regal, how delicious, how exquisite nice, how aromatically grand, how everlas ingly tasty is the crude, legitimate raw the half shell. Americans always want oyste in the coldness of winter or the heat of sum mer; they must have them. We Canadian are the same, and we only seek where we ca find the best. The York River oyster was godsend to the Union troops when on th Peninsula in the late war; they have neve forgotten the taste. Well, if our readers wan to enjoy this delicious bivalve in all its fresh ness, take the advice of the writer, try th Barnegats, Munoken River, Chesapeake Bay try James' River and York River. You ca have them by the barrel, or you can have the fresh as when opened, by just sending to No 17, Place d'Armes. There you will find the fresh every morning, shipped in large bar rels with great lumps of ice to keep them coo and just as fresh as if the knife had just open ed them out. But you buy them in the shell in the bulk, in cans, or in kegs. To those wh love an evening supper at home they hav

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From a Painting by Titian, Engraved by Pietro Anderloni.

Canadian Illustrated News. December 24. 1870

ADORATION

only to send for a quart of oysters, which will cost them 50 cents, and they may make a stew for a family. We heard a gentleman the other day while tasting oysters at BUSS's remark that his throat seemed to feel as if it was two miles long and little angels were kissing it all the way down. The new brand for his Bamegatt's, a most delicious and delicate oyster, is a star. All those who give oyster parties during Christmas time, whether in the Country or the City, have only to send their orders to

J. B. BUSS,
No. 17, PLACE D'ARMES,
And they will be promptly attended to.

HOTELS.

The Queen's Hotel, Toronto, Ontario, Canada. It is unnecessary to tell our Toronto readers anything about their hotels, and, indeed, most of our readers from Quebec to Ottawa know which are the best hotels to sojourn at. But there are still thousands that our two holiday numbers will reach who are perhaps about visiting Toronto, or are perhaps going further West. Well, there is the Queen's at Toronto, facing the lovely Bay and Lake of Ontario, it is sumptuously furnished, good Reading-rooms, capital Billiard-parlour to relieve the irksomeness of a rainy or a snowy day. Then you have a genial proprietor, who possesses none of the wickedness of Richard III., he has some of the charity of Richard Cœur de Lion, and is surnamed Dick, Capt. Thomas Dick. In the Managers, Messrs. Thomas McGaw and Mark H. Irish, (no Fenian) you will find gentlemen who will extend every courtesy, and will, moreover, be willing to give you every information you may require as to the Public Buildings, Drives, &c.

We have just left the Falls. The old, familiar hotels are closed. The International is boarded round to keep out stray boys and other interlopers. The Cataract is the same. Across the Suspension Bridge we called at the Clifton House, from whence you obtain so grand a sight of those ever moving, ever thundering, and eternally gliding, crushing Falls. The frosty cones were rising at the base, the mighty, rough rocks were prismatic in their new coat of ice, while the trees glistened, ice helmeted to the tops, and snow-clad to the tip ends of their branches. People must see, should see Niagara, in winter, its weird, pure, crystal adorned, white spreading beauty, over rock and stone, tree and shrub, and its cold spray falling like the frozen breath of nature, is not to be, cannot be, forgotten. Well, the *Spencer House* is open; the train takes you close to the door. It is a first-class, new hotel, is kept open all the year round, and has accommodation for 300 guests. A. Gluck, Esq., is Proprietor. "He can keep an hotel." The amiable Col. Barber, of the G. T. Railway, is there always in winter.

OTTAWA HOTEL.

The Proprietors of this hotel have had long experience in hotel-keeping in the States. They have gone to great expense in frescoing and decorations generally, and although the hotel is unexceptionably a first-class one, yet the charge is only $2.50 per day. There are hot and cold baths on every floor. The hotel has two frontages, one on Notre Dame Street, and one on St. James Street, and our readers can perceive by the illustration the extent of the building.

ST. LAWRENCE HALL.

To inform the peopleof Montreal that Hogan & Co. keep first-class hotels—which are an honour to the Dominion—would be simply invidious. But as this Christmas Number will be sent to not only every part of the Dominion, but to thousands in the States and in Europe, we may perhaps inform them that Hogan and Co. are Proprietors of the St Lawrence Hall, on St. James Street, and the St. James, on Victoria Square.

ST. JAMES HOTEL.

Mr. Samuel Montgomery is the Manager, and is well assisted by another gentleman. They have both been in the States. The St. Lawrence is the oldest and best known; there we will find a *cuisine* unsurpassed, rooms and apartments not only elegantly, but sensibly furnished, and with all the English comforts. The clerks have been well known for years for their courtesy and urbanity even to strangers. The same may be said of the St. James, which is charmingly situated, facing a Square with delightful shrubbery and fountains. To families desiring a quiet home, most reasonable terms can be made for permanent board. In both hotels every modern improvement has been introduced, and the personal experience of old travellers, we believe, being the best criterion as to judgment, we therefore recommend our readers from all parts to rest here and be thankful.

Fred. Gerikan, Esq., desires to announce that at the St. James Hotel they have opened a Resturant on the Delmonico style, and that oysters of the best quality, fried, broiled, or stewed, are always on hand.

"A THING OF BEAUTY IS A JOY FOR EVER."

It is curious to note that History in unravelling the customs and manners of nations antecedent to our own always expends a great measure of words on the jewels and ornaments of the women. Even the explorers of Nineveh and Pompeii, the Layards and the Rawlinsons, love to linger over the descriptions of the ornaments of the Queens of Egypt and the Princesses of the Greeks and the Romans. Travel through the British Museum or the Kensington Museum in London, and there you will see how every nation is represented, and its tastes exemplified, by either the exquisiteness of its jewelled ornaments or the barbarous trinkets of iron and brass that ornamented the nostrils, ears, and even lips of the uncouth, uncivilized, and depraved savage. Here you will see the delicate and exquisite workmanship of a Saladin's adornment, the magnificent jewels of Tippoo Sahib, or the wrought crown of an Antony. In reading of the exploration of a Pompeii in these modern times how painful it is after the lapse of ages to read of a skeleton, with its beguiled hands and its coronet of gold telling perhaps of beauty, youth and love triumphs, buried in a moment by an earthquake and the hot ashes of a Vesuvius. To adorn with gold and with precious stones was the love even of a Solomon in all his glory, and the Queen of Sheba was glittering with flashing gems as she came into his presence. Diamonds, Rubies, Sapphires, Emeralds, and Pearls, from that time, have had a genealogy more perfect than any Emperor or King. The Koh-i-noor, the Mountain of Light, the Regent, the Brunswick, and the Brazil Gems are as well-known by every lapidary in Europe, and their history as the Garter-at-Arms of Great Britain can tell you of Baron or Earl, or Knight. Who so phlegmatic but that is aroused to admiration at the display of splendid gems? Who can forget the gorgeous glitter of fire and rainbow hued flashes that changed like the chameleon or a summer sunset before the eye at the Paris Exhibition. There were gems there by the Million of Pounds Sterling; one lady, we remember, the Countess of Dudley, had jewels on exhibition worth £30,000. But the glory of all sights, to our poor eyes, was the Dress Opera given to the Sultan at London in 1867. The house was literally a blaze; it was fairy land; it surpassed all one can read of in the "Arabian Nights." Aladdin's lamp could do no more; a world of manly elegance and sumptuous female beauty dazzling the eye and the senses with Coronets, Necklaces, Brooches. Stars of Honour, Egrettes on Oriental Turbans, India Shawls, and bejewelled forms. It proved the love of all for ornament; go into a country village, far into the backwoods, amid the log-houses and the savages, and your Pioneer's wife shall have her Ear-rings and her Brooch; your Squaws, Bobeloshin or Papoose shall have their Necklace; your Chief of a Tribe shall have his Robes adorned and decorated with Beads of all colours.

But to us, who believe in proper adornment and ornament, we know that we must neither aspire to the *Egrettes* of an Austrian Prince, nor do we desire to imitate the trash of the vulgar.

Jewellery well made, of a tasty pattern and of genuine quality, is ever becoming, whether on man or woman, and our houses are the same; their adornments are an exemplification of the character of the ruling spirits that preside there.

Now that Christmas is come again, of course we are preparing to add to our household gods, we are hesitating and wondering what best to give to those we admire and cherish; we are perhaps making up our minds to add to our plate or our decorative ornaments. Well, just walk fearlessly into *Savage, Lyman & Co's.*,—the Hancock's, the Goddard's, the Emanuel's of Montreal. Here is an assortment of goods that would set the Uhlans of the Prussian Army mad to discover. Jewellery of every imaginable description; Gold Bracelets, Brooches, and Ear-rings with Diamonds, Rubies, Emeralds, Turquoises, Opals, Carbuncles, Oriental Garnets and Amethysts; Necklaces, Neck Chains for Pendants and Lockets, Gold Rings with *solitaires* and clusters of Diamonds, Rubies, Emeralds, Pearls, &c.; Gold Seals, Charms, Crosses, Studs, Collar Buttons, Cameos carved, Jet Jewellery, Bog Oak Jewellery, Watches Gold and Silver, Chronometers by the celebrated Ulysse Nardin, Keyless, Repeating and Hunting.

Ladies' Beautiful Gold Watches from Switzerland of the newest pattern; Clocks in gilt, in marble, or in bronze—a magnificent variety.

Silver Ware, Electro-Plated Ware, Opera Glasses, Music Boxes, Table Cutlery, Leather Goods, Dressing Bags.

Bronze Goods, Figures and Statuettes, Papier Maché Ware, Work-Tables and Handkerchief Boxes.

The public are invited to call and view this unparallelled stock of goods, which has never been approached in the Dominion.

SAVAGE, LYMAN & CO.,
271, NOTRE DAME STREET,
Montreal.

HOUSES AND LANDS.

There are thousands of our own citizens and innumerable strangers here that find a difficulty in obtaining residences to suit them We have probably as select and as well-built dwellings in this city as there are in the whole Dominion, and not only in the heart of the city, but in the suburbs there are villas and houses offering the most tempting homes. The surroundings are perfect, and one could almost believe that he were dwelling in some lovely home in Kent or Middlesex, when he sees the charming grounds here in spring. Mr. JAMES MUIR, 198, St. James Street, probably possesses the largest list of unlet houses and places for sale of any person in this country. At his Office you can find a list, not only of dwellings to be let in every portion of this Province, but you can also obtain information of beautiful residences that may be purchased only through his medium. If you want to change your residence, if you want to sell your property, if you want to negotiate a loan upon it, if you want to rent a new store, by all means call upon JAMES MUIR, next to Molson's Bank, and you will receive every information you desire.

RECOLLET HOUSE.

A. T. Stewart was a humble poor boy in Ireland, now he is a millionaire in New York. Marshall & Snelgrove in Oxford Street, London, are a firm not easily to be overtaken, and certainly *Brown & Claggett* represent and are firm not easily to be forgotten. Having a buyer that travels throughout the Manufacturing Districts of Europe; understanding as they do the wants of the people of the Dominion, they have with good judgment and refined taste selected some of the most exquisite goods that have ever been seen here. The silks of Lyons you have in all their airiness, in all their sumptuousness, and in all that *spirituelle*, that gossamer lightness that fascinates the *belles* of this city.

But above all they have that solidity of goods that delight an Englishman. Blankets are a vulgarism, but there is a warmth in them that in these snow-clad nights would cheer even a bridal nature. Here they are to be found. Then silks; oh, how those tiny silkworms glow and work on the Mulberry trees from Japan and China and India; they produce textures soft as the first sweet breath of morn; then these skeins are woven, and their fabrications become a necessity for all the fashionables and the wild weird stage and the sombre matron by the Christmas fireside.

Then comes wool. Wool from Somersetshire, wool from Australia, wool from Persia like Henderson possesses, wool from the Caucasus, wool warm, wool so naturally antagonistic to the cold regions of this north. How sumptuous the shirts are woven; what a wealth of *climatic* comfort there is in them; then the drawers, blankets, coverlids and socks are usually good. The wild winds may whistle through the valleys, the frost may come with death's chill in his hands, but the warmth of these English and French flannels may subdue all these snow-clad sensations.

But, Ladies of Montreal, parties are coming, soirees will replace the summer walks, weddings with all the regalia of lovely processions will occupy your attention. Then if Silks, if Velvets, if Moires Antiques, if Irish Poplins, if the most charming of all things that can adorn you, from Roman Maiden to the present period, delights your eye, look at their Tarleton Muslins—perfectly beautiful are these Muslins; for matrons there are no velvets so royally grand; there are no gloves manufactured which can compare with those the Recollet House possesses. Shawls of Brussels Lace, Honniton Lace, Point Lace, Valenciennes—in fact all Laces are here. And then there are such exquisite, delicate, refined, unmentionable goods, that our bachelor being only had a moment for seeing a sight of, so that we cannot describe them. But we rest assured as we walked from one counter to the other that there is a variety of goods that would satisfy anyone.

For the Ball, every element is there to win the forlorn lover.

For the Drawing-Room, there is everything to prove your taste and your refinement in dress.

For presentations, you can select the series from the *Moire Antique* to the simple Muslin.

But if you desire season after season to study fashion, to comprehend the peculiar idiosincrasies of human nature, you must study here. There is an evidence of a world-wide travel in selections, of a consummate taste not only intuitive, but cultivated, that it would be well if our Dry Goods Merchants could imitate. All that the most severe judge could give his decision on would result in determining that the

RECOLLET HOUSE,
BY
BROWN & CLAGGETT,
CORNER OF
Notre Dame and St. Helen Streets,
IS THE HOUSE,
THE DRY GOODS STORE,
THE STEWART'S OF MONTREAL.

J. FRANCIS MILLET

HUSH! HE SLEEPS.

H BOURNE SCULPT

PURITY.

Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

THE LEGEND OF THE ROSES.

BY SAMUEL JAMES WATSON.

PART I.

The thirsty sands of the Syrian plains
Had quaffed of the blessed autumn rains,
And earth thanked heaven with her harvest smile;
Which rippled o'er vineyard and valley of grain,
By the Sun's red arrow-shafts almost slain,
From the Jordan's banks to the marge of Nile.
And the jubilant stream, from the mountain side,
To the orchard flew, as she were a bride
That had waited his coming in fruit festoons;
Which were born of the spring-time's gift of flowers,
And kept for him sweet in her treasure-bowers,
Where she fed them on dews and on summer noons.

It was in the hush of the autumn night,
The o'erhanging moon was shining.
And sprinkling the vine leaves with flakes of light;
And two Hebrew maidens, reclining
On a brooklet's bank, where the violets bent,
As the low-voiced breezes above them went
To respond to the stream's repining.

In their hearts was joy, like a bridegroom crowned,
His golden empire keeping;
And their sun-lit future's furthest bound
On pleasure's bosom lay sleeping;
And the shadow of sorrow stood off as far
As a cypress leaf, from the brightest star
The moon in her course was meeting.

A cloud that is nearing the moon's vexed brow
Hath passed with its spiteful veiling;
But the place of one maiden is vacant now,
And the other's heart is failing;
And there rings through the vault of the startled air
A cry for pity, a moaning prayer—
The soul through the wild voice wailing.

Again there was calm on that autumn night,
No sound through the air was flowing;
Save when the breeze, in its sweet, low flight,
Through the sleeping gardens going,
Was whispering the flowers to wake, and see
How aloft in the heavens, so gloriously,
The lamps of the night were glowing.

In the gloomy pride of the judges' state,
The chiefs of the stern Sanhedrim sate
With their pitiless eyes on the floor bent down,
On their brows of granite a frozen frown;
Their white lips sealed, like the merciless tomb.
To open only when death or doom
Came forth, to the prisoner standing there
As hopeless as one in a lion's lair.

They sate like leopards, these judges grim,
Like Leopards crouched on the outer rim
Of the red arena, where Rome displayed
The slaughter feasts, for her triumphs made:
And thus they waited their time of prey,
And fumed and chafed at the short delay
Which placed the sands of one ebbing hour
'Twixt the captive's fate and the fang of power.

Bowed down with terror and with shame,
Guarded and bound, a prisoner came;
Round her a sackcloth shroud was flung,
Down to her feet her fetters hung;
Speechless she stood, but the moist eye
Spoke out that wordless agony
Which comes, when crushing grief hath come,
To strike the senses dull and dumb,
To shake the reason on its throne,
And leave but life and breath alone.

It is not sympathy that greets
The maid's accuser, for he meets
Fierce scowls of old aversion born,
Embittered looks of hate and scorn.
Harush, the usurer, was known
Amongst his tribe to stand alone,
As one who fierce delight would take
In torturing, for the torture's sake;
Who jested at the widow's prayer,
Who swept away the orphan's share,
And sterner grew if asked to spare.

"Harush, come forth!" the High Priest said,
"And make thy charge, yield not to fear;
Heaven's wrath will fall upon his head
Who dares obstruct its justice here."
Then, thus adjured, the usurer starts;
His story had been pondered well,
His words, which oft had scared men's hearts,
Like drops of molten iron fell:—
"Oh it hath caused me many a tear,
Ere I resolved to venture here:
And little thought I at the time
I laid my brother in the clay,
That I should have to charge a crime
Against his daughter here to-day.

One night, of late, I mused alone
Within my garden, when there came
A sudden cloud of incense blown
From the girl's casement, and a flame
Followed the incense, and then died,
Like meteor at eventide.

With pain I never felt before,
I sought my niece's chamber-door;
And, peering in, a sight I saw
Which filled my soul with speechless awe:
Burning sweet-smelling sandal-wood
Before an idol Cydna stood!"

And then came from the High Priest's lips
Words which o'er hope shed death-eclipse:
"In lust of heart, by ill-advice,
She hath done heathen sacrifice;
Thou, Cydna, shalt be burned with fire,
So let idolaters expire."

Scarce had he ended when a shriek
That blanched the bravest hearer's cheek
Rang from her lips, and then she fell,
And sweet oblivion took the place
Of memory, and some said 'twere well
If death had breathed upon her face.
And so they sadly bore her hence
Like a crushed lily, and as mute;
But doomed to wake to poignant sense
Ere reaching the grim scaffold's foot.

PART II.

'Twas night, before the prisoner's cell
Two armed men kept silent ward;
But in his heart, each sentinel,
The task and place alike abhorred,
For well they knew the day would bring
Death, through a hideous suffering,
To her whose moans and clanking chains
Pierced their hearts, and chilled their veins.

'Twas dismal scene. The blinking light
Seemed dull, red blotch upon the night;
And, as its ghastly glimmer sprawled
At random through the thick, moist air,
It sought the nooks where reptiles crawled,
And showed the bloated scorpion's lair;
And when some broken ray had strayed
Into the weird domain of shade,
Misshapen forms would seem to grow
On dripping wall and slimy floor,
Like ghouls that scented human woe,
And yearned and grinned for human gore.

One of the men who kept the guard
From which his better nature shrank,
Thallon was named; and, for reward
Of valor, held a tribune's rank.
He was a man who pondered o'er
Things which, when reasoned, vex the more—
Life, death, the origin of ill,
The might and mystery of will.
And much he wished to learn aright
The lessons shown in dreams by night;
And long believed they might bestow
A glimpse of future weal or woe.

His comrade, Quintus, had his home
And birthplace, too, in glorious Rome;
His was a mind quick to receive,
And quick, on seeing, to believe;
Whose hard, and gnarled, and stubborn sense
Was proof 'gainst all save evidence.

Tired of the thoughts that silence brings
From under memory's teeming wings,
And which, like ghosts, unbidden come,
When the brave human voice is dumb,
Thallon and his comrade spoke,
And the oppressive silence broke.

THALLON.

"I dreamt last night a strange, bewildering dream,
For Fancy banished reason from my brain,
And filled his throne with phantoms."

QUINTUS.

"Dreams are the ghosts of thoughts the daylight [smothers,
And darkness brings them back again to haunt us."

THALLON.

"Midnight hath lessons as the noonday hath,
And 'tis in sleep we learn them."

QUINTUS.

"If thy dream be of evil augury,
'Tis but a proof such dreams give useless pain;
If they unfold no plan by which we may
Escape the ills they threaten. Thus they seem
Mere frightful-visaged messengers of Fate,
Which, with mischievous prescience of the Future,
Come to unman us, and to strike down Hope.
Which is the soul of Courage."

THALLON.

"I dreamt I stood upon a lordly tower,
Before me stretched a sea of golden grain,
Which rose and rocked in many a sunny wave,
Each billow, like the bounteous breast of Ceres,
At every heave, bestowing birth to others.
Behind me rose the blue, sky-pillowing hills,
Upon whose sides ambitious cities soared
On wings of marble and magnificence.
From out those cities multitudes of men
Approached to where I stood, and there they paused.
And, opening in the midst, disclosed to view
An altar, smoking, and, beside its foot,
A victim bound; then next I saw the Priest
Standing expectant, in that heartless calm
Which habit gives to those whom privilege
Sets up on high to cause or witness suffering.
All of a sudden, from the multitude,
Burst forth a deafening and appaling roar,
'Let sacrifice begin!' Then flashed the knife—
But at that moment came a gentle voice,
With that authority of mystery born,
And sweeter than a sacred fountain's hymn,
Responding to the nightingales that sing
The myrtles of fair Tempé into slumber.
And the voice said: 'Let what is bound go free!'
I looked around, and then, amazed, I saw
Defined upon the air, a wondrous face
Beaming with light, and whereon Love sat throned
As in its native heaven; upon the brow
Reposed the majesty of perfect manhood
Pillowed on infant innocence; the eye
Shone with a tenderness akin to sadness,
And look of yearning that was infinite,
And seemed unsatisfied: upon the lips,
Which looked attuned to Mercy's harmonies,
All gracious words sat winged and fluttering,
And ready to go forth and banish pain.
In mine own land, in boyhood, I have seen
Our Phidian Jupiter, in burnished gold
And dazzling ivory, when the early morn
Flooded his fane with radiance: but this face
Outshone his, as the noonday rays outshine
The flickering of the glow-worm; for it seemed
Like light, incarnate in miraculous mould
Of perfect beauty; and the counterpart
Of his, whom we have seen, and who is called
The 'Healer of the People.'"

QUINTUS.

"There may, perhaps, be something in the dream;
Still, minds o'erworked by day will play by night,
For then the madman that's in all of us,
Slips off his chains, works unnumbered pranks,
And while his keeper, Reason, is asleep,
Holds revel in his prison of the brain,
And shakes it, as he meant to o'erthrow it."

THALLON.

"Hast thou e'en seen him whom I just have named,
And who, for countless deeds of timely mercy,
Is, throughout all the Judean land, adored;
And called by fonder name than Cæsar is,
The 'Healer of the People?'"

QUINTUS.

"I have beheld him many a time, and still
He looked more gracious than he did before;
What is to me a baffling mystery,
His miracles—which so astound men's eyes,
Wherein his will o'er-rides all natural laws,
And sends experience and reason both
To do dumb war with wonder—seem to me
To be performed to show his love to men,
Rather than show his power, which ever gives,
Unlike all power the world e'er saw before,
The foremost place to kindness."

THALLON.

"I've heard it whispered as a thing most strange,
That, much about the time when he was born,
The gods ceased to converse with mortal men
In old oracular utterance."

QUINTUS.

"I now am old enough to call to mind
The time when all the oracles grew dumb,
And the gods chose to mock their worshippers
With taunting marble muteness."

THALLON.

"I've heard it said among us Greeks at home,
That, at the time the oracles grew dumb,
A strange thing happened on the sea at night.
Would'st like to hear the tale?"

QUINTUS.

In mystery there is a fascination
Which all men yield to; and, fair Truth herself,
Wears not such pleasing visage if she come
Wanting the robe of strangeness.

THALLON.

"THE FIRST CHRISTMAS."

"'Twas night, a Grecian pilot calmly steering
By the bright beams of the stars o'erhead.
Heard a weird voice along the waves careering,
Saying in thunder tones. "Great Pan is dead."

He glanced around, no vessel was in showing,
Nor could he aught in human shape descry;
He only saw the billows white plumes flowing
In the wake of the cloud-waves of the sky.

He saw no Naiad near, with tresses streaming
Like web of gold with amethysts enwove;
To tell him that, no more, save in priest's dreaming,
Pan should hold rule o'er meadow, vale and grove.

And that the gods had earthy grown, and olden,
In their long contact both with men and time;
That now foul rags disclosed what garments golden
Had hidden from all eyes in days of prime.

The pilot heard no tale like this, when leaning
Across his helm, to listen, but he read
Some strange, dead import in the mystic meaning
Of the four solemn words, "Great Pan is Dead."

And as they went, like funeral echoes booming,
They stirred the pilot's soul with prescient fear;
Was the Old passing, was a new age looming,
Was the Ideal past, the Real near?

He left this unto Fate, but told the warning:
O'er every haunt of Nymph and Fawn it spread;
And, ere on noon-day's breast had swooned the [morning,
All Greece had heard the wail "Great Pan is [Dead."

Scarce had the soldier ceased, when rung
Throughout the dungeon vaults a cry
That scared the crook'd bat where it clung,
And made the owl whizz faster by.

And, for a moment, stricken pale,
Each soldier grasped his ready sword,
But sheathed it, for 'twas Cydna's wail,
Fell on their ear, word choking word.

CYDNA.

Oh woe is me for youth, and hope, and love!
Woe, that blind Fate, in smiting, did not smite
In the unconscious time of infancy,
When the sealed senses blunt the edge of doom
In seeing not its coming.

Oh it is mercy more than misery
To die in age, when Love stands by to see
That the few sentient sands within life's glass
Shall not be shaken rudely—that life's flame,
Now dwindled from a torch to a mere speck
Upon the edge of darkness, shall not sink
'Midst wrack and roar, and tempest, but shall fade,
At its own will, like a beloved star,
Which, watched by kindly eyes, the whole night [through,
Withdraws itself, at its appointed time,
Into the morning's bosom.

I to burn incense to a heathen god!
The very weight and horror of the lie
Fell on me like a mountain, and choked up,
With its foul bulk, the channels of all thought.
The avenues of reason, and the springs
Of speech which never shaped itself in prayer
To aught in shape of idol.

Oh, arrowy thought of keenest agony!
That I, who am a maid of Judah's tribe,
With ample privilege of place and dower,
And, with these outward gifts, that far outshine,
In eyes of men, the mere dead gleam of gold
Upon the necks and brows of princesses,—
That I am severed from the common hope,
Shared by all maids of David's royal line,
Of being the mother of the Promised One,
Israel's Messiah, Chief of all our race.

And what a hideous mockery of youth's dreams!
The faggot to replace the wedding torch,
The charring flame to make my bridal robe,
And the smoke for my nuptial canopy.
Oh, for that draught for which the wretched thirst,
To drown all thought and sense ere this day's moon—
The blessed waters of oblivion.

PART III.

The hour was noon—the sun, overhead,
Glared down with fierce and blistering glance;
All breaths of heaven with heat were dead,
The air was hushed in sweltering trance.
Such heat it was as one may feel
Close by a furnace, when the beat
Of its red arteries make to reel
The very ground beneath our feet;
Whilst the air o'er it sways and sways,
As if 'twere torn in mortal pain
Upon the forked rack of the blaze;
And, after swooning, racked again.

In spite of heat and dust and glare,
Around a stake there sadly stood
Speaking no word, except in prayer,
A vast, awe-stricken multitude.
And well might she beside that stake,
Both prayer and sympathy awake;
For far and near 'twas known and told,
She had been sacrificed for gold;
By him who had, for lucre's lust,
Betrayed his brother's orphan-trust.

'Twas sight to stand for life apart,
As sorest that e'er smote the heart;
To see the victim's aspect wild,
The clasping chains, the faggots piled;
The speck of smoke that marked out where
Crouched the grim executioner,
The first time conscious of disgrace,
And seeking to conceal his face.

But there were those in whom there dwelt
A wild hope, unexpressed, but felt.
That ere the moment had expired,
Which should behold the faggot fired;
Some Heaven-sent help, as yet unknown,
Should in an instant's time be shown,
And, coming as the death-torch come,
To light the pile, dash out its flame.

But hope is false, and help too late;
The hour has come—the hour of fate.
The pile is fired, the smoke ascends,
And a wild shriek the silence rends;
And every eye with tears is filled,
And every pulse with fear is stilled.

But hark! there rings a distant cheer,
Louder it grows in rolling near;
It shakes the air, it wakes the hills,
Through every heart it leaps and thrills;
And, like a joyous herald, brings
The sound of help upon its wings.

As the eye takes in, at a sudden sweep,
The lordliest peak on a mountain's steep,
The loveliest star in night's glittering dome,
The beacon's first flash o'er the storm-dark foam;
The brightest cloud that sails, smiling on,
When the day mounts up on the wings of dawn—

So each eye took in, at one rapid glance,
A glorious form which it saw advance;
With a look of pity, a brow benign,
A face on which there was seen to shine
In matchless majesty, love divine.
And thus amidst joy-burst and heart acclaim,
The Healer and Friend of the People came.

He paused at the stake—of their own accord
The flames fell down at the sight of the Lord;
And that Voice, whose power had raised up the dead,
In tones of ineffable sweetness said,
"Daughter, thine innocence pleads to me,
Come hence and live, for I make thee free!"

Then burst asunder every chain,
Then ceased in Cydna every pain;
And, in new beauty, forth she came
Unharmed by fire, unscorched by flame.

For but a pulse-beat's flying space
Amazement sat on every face;
All hearts stood still, all speech was hushed,
And vision under wonder crushed.
But soon as thought regained her throne,
And o'er the other senses shone,
And flashed on all, in full extent,
The miracle, and what it meant:
Then speech burst through the silence-seal,
And rose to Heaven, peal chasing peal:
Up and around, the cheering rolled,
It shook the temple's dome of gold;
And then across the Kedron spread,
And o'er the Valley of the Dead:
Then gathering volume, as it met
The echoes of Mount Olivet,
Descended, booming, to the vales,
Loud as a hundred winter gales—
It roused the shepherd where he lay
To drowse the noon-tide's heat away:
In husbandman, by field and hill,
It woke a keen delightful thrill;
(For those enslaved still hail the strange,
And welcome aught that angers change.)
It scared the eagle as he swept
The dizziest cloud where sunlight slept;
And made him turn his gaze away
From sleeping babe, he marked far prey;
Eastward it spread to Jordan's brink,
Frighting the lion crouched to drink;
Westward it pealed, o'er deserts free,
Winging toward the Middle Sea.

And now the mountain echoes ring,
With the loud shout, "we'll make him King!"
And, as one man, the multitude
Darted their glances where he stood.
Prepared, at once, to bear him thrice,
And crown him with all reverence.
It was in vain—they only saw
The maiden whom he saved, in prayer;
And learnt, with feelings of deep awe,
That he had vanished. None knew where.

Then lo, as if the more to swell
The wonder of the miracle,
And splendour out of death to bring,
And cause from ashes life to spring—
The burning embers, hissing warm,
Obeying His almighty power,
Change, in a moment, to a form
Of beauty only seen that hour.
And, as the shape of flowers, they take.
'Tis as red roses they awake,
And next, the ashes upward rise,
And a fresh miracle disclose,
Opening, the first time to the skies,
The bosom of the fair white rose.

[THE END.]

There are a variety of Bitters which have, at one time or another, obtained a celebrity in this country. We have had the Stoughton, and the Boker, which are really good Bitters, and based upon the Gentian Root, which has been believed by the red men to possess wondrous powers; the medicine-men used it asone of the main-stays of their primitive Pharmacopea. Then we have had several kinds of American bitters which for a time attained an immense sale, but it was soon discovered that they were simply composed of cheap Pennsylvania Rye Whisky, a mere covering for cheating the Maine Liquor Law, and it was found they were a delusion and a snare, and induced a desire for drink, which led to the most painful results, and sometimes created a habit which ended with the grave. But in BOBOLO we have a preparation without the slightest trace of any alcoholic element. We have a tonic, an anti-dyspeptic of the most harmless nature, and one which acts like a charm. Its odour is not only aromatic, but the flavour is pleasing, and as a stimulant to excite the appetite it is unexcelled. It has been known for years throughout South America. It is prepared by St. Aves de Melle Cordozo, Tabatinga, Peru. It is for sale everywhere, and we can only advise our readers to try BOBOLO in order to prove its efficacy.

Man sometimes has his peculiar privileges as well as the human race's more beautiful companion—woman. The lovely and the fair of the gentle sex have their Milliners, whose precincts and sacred chambers we are forbidden to enter. But we poor bipeds have our one trade sanctum too. That men wear socks, drawers, shirts, under and over, that we wear scarfs and neckties, gloves and cuffs, they may know, but our desire to have these articles of the latest style, of the best manufacturers, and that we are as particular about the delicate softness and nicety of these goods, they would hardly believe. Yet so it is, we select from every colour in the rainbow, we hesitate over a dozen styles and varieties. Some shops we leave, knowing that they are trying to palm old patterns on us. Now, we understand London and Paris goods, and when we walk into Mr. Gagnon's, 300 Notre Dame Street, we see at once he is a man of taste, one after our own heart. We see that his scarfs have the last charm of blended colours, that his gloves are soft as a blooming maiden's cheek, that his shirts have the make and the characteristic style of Regent Street, London, or *Rue de Rivoli*, Paris. To our readers we can say G. A. Gagnon's is, *par excellence*, the place for *gentlemen* to buy.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

From Tom Hood's Fairy Realms.

In that strange region, dim and grey,
Which lies so very far away,
Whose chronicles in prose or rhyme
Are dated "Once upon a time,"
There was a land where silence reigned
So deep,—the ear it almost pained
To hear the gnat's shrill clarion blow,
Though he Sleep's herald is we know.

Scarce would you deem that calm profound,
Unbroken by the ghost of sound,
Had, like a sudden curtain, dropt
Upon a revel, instant stopt,—
That laugh and shout and merry rout
And hunting song had all died out,
Stricken to silence at a touch—
A single touch! It was not much!
I'll tell you how it came about.

What bevies of pages
Of various ages
Princess Prettipet's christening banquet engages!
They all look as deeply important as sages.
What hundreds of cooks!
To judge by their looks,
They had written the very profoundest of books.

The invited guests begin to arrive:
With nobles and courtiers the scene is alive.
They hustle,
And bustle,
In rich dresses rustle;
The squeeze for good places is almost a tustle;
Precedence depends not on birth, but on muscle.
But they're none of them able
To reach the high table,
For the grave Major-Domo, perceiving the Babel,
A sufficient space clears
With the King's Musqueteers,
Because he well knows it will cost him his ears
If—when the time comes for the soups and the meats—
The twelve fairy godmothers cannot find seats.

At last there's a bray
Of trumpets, to say
That His Majesty's Majesty's coming this way,
With his Ministers all in their gorgeous array,
And the Lords of his Council, a noble display,
And the Queen, who's as beauteous as blossoms in May,
With her Ladies in Waiting so smiling and gay,
With a great many more
I might briefly run o'er
If at pageants like this I were only *au fait*.

The glittering procession
Makes stately progression
To the seats that the Musqueteers hold in possession
At the top of the hall;
While the visitors all
Are crowded to death, though the place is not small,
But from wall unto wall
Crammed with short folks and tall,
Who, as chances befall,
And in various degrees
They suffer the squeeze,
All bawl, brawl, haul, maul, squall, call, fall, crawl, and sprawl!

The King's looking pleasant,
Expecting a present—
Say knives, forks, and spoons that cost many a bezant—
For his daughter and heiress
From each of the fairies;
One gives the babe beauty,
Another gives health,
This a strong sense of duty,
That plenty of wealth.
Five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten
Add their presents, but when
Eleven have endowed her, the last of the dozen
Says, "I really don't know what to give her, dear cousin,"
(Addressing the Queen,)
"But the courses between
I shall hit upon something. I will not be mean;
So pray take your seats, for I'm not such a sinner
As, while I am thinking, to keep you from dinner!"

The King has taken the highest place,
Beside him the Queen in her diamonds and lace.
Each fairy godmother
Sits down by another,
And my lord the Archbishop is just saying grace,
When in comes a cook, with a very white face,
Who cries, as he straight up the hall rushes nimbly,
"Please your Majesty, somebody's tell down the chimbley!"

There's silence in the hall
For half a minute,
And not a word doth fall
From those within it;
When, lo!—No!—And yet it is so!
The sound of a foot comes heavy and slow
Up the staircase from down below;
And a figure ill-grown,
Unattended, alone,
Walks straight through the guests to the foot of the throne,
And then with a squeak
Rising into a shriek,
And eyes that with fury are terribly glistening,
Cries, "Pray, sir, why was not *I* asked to the christening?"

'Twas old Fairy Spite,
Whom they did not invite,
Because of her manners, which were not polite.
She led a bad life,
Was addicted to strife,
And besides—worst of all—she ate peas with a knife!
But 'twas really no joke
Her wrath to provoke.
So in hopes to appease her His Majesty spoke,
And said, sore affrighted,
They both were delighted
To see her that day—
Quite charmed—in fact, they
Couldn't think how it was she had not been invited!

Shrieked Spite, "Silence, gaby!
Let's look at the baby."
The Queen, in a tremble,
Her fears to dissemble,
Said, "Here is the darling—papa she'll resemble.
You'd like, p'rhaps, to take her,
But please not to wake her,
She sleeps," "Sleeps!" said Spite, "does she really? I'll make her
Of sleep, ma'am, have plenty"
(Here—CHORUS "*Attente!*")
"If she touches a spindle before she is twenty!
"For if she does a heavy sleep
Shall over all your palace creep,
And you, with your whole court, shall keep
Buried in leaden fetters deep!"
"Until"—here Fairy Number Twelve,
Who, as we know, was forced to shelve
Her gift because the banquet waited,
Broke in and capped what Spite had stated—
"Until a prince shall come to wake
The Sleeping Beauty, and so break
The spell wherewith old Spite in vain
Would her young life for aye enchain!"

The King sent heralds through the land
Proclaiming spindles contraband,
Pronouncing penalties and pain
'Gainst distaffs, treadles, rocks, and skeins.
And so to spin
Became a sin;
Wheels were bowled out, and looms came in.

Time's wonted peace
Is not a rapid race;
His motto seems to be "*Festina lente*."
But yet he passed away,
Until at length the day
Approached on which the Princess would be twenty.
What consultations!
What preparations!
What busy times for people of all stations!
What scouring out of rooms
With mops and brooms!
What scouring to and fro of hurried grooms!
No leisure, not the least,
For man or beast,
Because His Majesty had fixed a feast—
Acres of eatables and seas of ale,
A banquet that should make all others pale.
E'en those of Heliogabalus, deceased—
To celebrate the day his child was quite
Beyond the malice of old Fairy Spite!

It was a scene of bustle and intrusion,
And vast profusion—
No wonder the Princess, so meek and quiet,
Should run away from all the dust and riot.
No wonder the Princess—no soul aware,
Even of those who had her in their care—
Stole from her room, and up a winding stair,
Up to the highest turret's tipmost top,
Without or let or stop,
Went to enjoy the scenery and air!

In a room at the top of the tower that day
Merrily, merrily turned the wheel!
An old dame span, with never a stay,
Merrily, merrily turned the wheel!
The wool was as white as the driven snow,
Merrily, merrily turned the wheel!
And she sang, "Merrily, merrily, oh!
Merrily turn the wheel!
The Princess looked in at the door and said—
Merrily, merrily turned the wheel!—
"What bonny white wool, and what bonny white thread!"
Merrily, merrily turned the wheel!
"Come hither, then, fair one, and make the wheel go!"
Merrily, merrily turned the wheel!
Said ugly old Spite, who sang, "Merrily, oh!
Merrily turn the wheel!"

She turns the wheel and wakes its busy hum,
She twists the white wool with her white fingers;
She hears them call her, but she will not come:
Charmed with the toy, in that small room she lingers.
The wheel runs swiftly and the distaff's full,
She takes the spindle—heedless of who calls her.
Two tiny drops of blood fall on the wool,
And all that cruel Spite foretold befalls her!

ON ONE AND ALL
DID SUDDEN SLUMBER FALL!

The steed that in the palace courtyard cropt—
The very bird upon the roof that hopt—
The cook who mincemeat for the banquet chopt—
The gardener who the fruit tree's branches lopt—
The huntsman who his beaded forehead mopt—
The gay young lover who the question popt—
The damsel who thereat her eyelids dropt—
The councillor who fain the state had propt—
The King, his measures anxious to adopt—
The courtier in his new court suit be-fopt—
The toper who his beak in Rhenish sopt—
The scullion wiping up the sauce he slopt—
The chamberlain, as wise as ancient Copt—
The purblind peer who'd in the fountain flopt—
The jester who that fall with mirth had topt—
STOPT!

And over all there came a change;
A silence terrible and strange
Enwrapt the place;
While thickets dense of thorn and brier
Grew round it till the topmost spire
They did efface.

It was a solemn place, I ween,
Wrapt in its shroud of sombre green,
So hushed and still:
The fall of every leaf you heard,
Nor was there in its shades a bird
To cheep and trill.

But that embowered pile did seem
A cloud from some fantastic dream—
Some visioned place:
Its towers were clothed in misty sheen,
And slumbering forests seemed to lean
About its base.

Down by the river that runs through the wood
The horns are gaily winding.
Tra-la-la-la! That music good
Denotes the red deer's finding!
Tra-la-la-la!
La-la! la-la!
The echos repeat
The music sweet
That tells of the red deer's finding!

He's outridden his friends. It's a very queer case—
Where *can* he have got? What's the name of the place?
He'll never be able his steps to retrace!

Meanwhile each lengthening shadow shows
That day is drawing to a close.
In two more hours the glowing sun
Will down the western heavens run,
And quench its glories manifold
In yon bright sea of molten gold.

Before him that dense thicket vast and dim
Spreads out its awful silence and seclusion.
And none is near to tell its tale to him
And scare intrusion.

His step is light on the luxuriant sod,
From the green blades a thousand dew-drops spurning.
Little he dreams that path has never been trod
By foot returning.

So on he fares, through sunshine and through shade,
By paths that ne'er before were trod by mortal.
To where the dusky forest's green arcade
Leads to a portal.

On either hand rise lofty stems: above, the branches mingle:
And, as a glimpse of blue shuts in the end of some green dingle,
Framed in an arch of greenery where that long alley closes
He sees a flight of steps, a gate o'ergrown with truant roses,
And some one who beside the gate in that warm sunshine dozes.

Was ever there found
A sleeper so sound?
He thumps him and shakes him,
But that never wakes him;
Not kick, tweak, or pinch
Can stir him an inch.
So he left that inveterate sleeper to snore
While he ventured on farther the place to explore.

Swift across the court
Now the young Prince trips,
Sees around a sallyport
Hounds asleep in slips;
Huntsmen bold, returned from sport,
All prepared to blow a *mort*,
Snoring, horns to lips!

He draws near; there is no one to bar his way.
E'en the steeds are too sleepy to utter a "nay."
While each single hound
In the pack, I'll be bound,
Is so sound there's no chance of his making a sound.
Though not wanting in bark, since he's closely bound round
With branches of creepers;—but then they are boughs
That are not of the sort to be followed by "wows."

One huntsman would have an ugly fall
If he were not upheld by the palace wall.
Whence a stray branch of woodbine, in pitying scorn for him,
Has thrown out a trailer to't's winding his horn for him.
Another one, dropt
Off soundly, is propt
By a buttress that stands where his steed by chance stopt.

Two men in the doorway
Appear in a poor way.
So closely they're bound
And wound
Around;
Their feet in fetters, their temples crowned
By the snake-like stems in their various inclinings.
That they must appear
To the Prince, I fear,
Sleeping partners in some branch department of Twining's.

Past grooms as unawakened as sad sinners,
Past screws of hunters sound as Derby winners,
Past hounds as fast—no less—
As the express,
Through Bedfordshire into the land of Nod.
The young Prince trod.

And ever and anon,
As he passed on,
In room, in hall, on stair,
Here, there, and everywhere,
He came on sleepers sleeping with the air
Of folks at active work by sleep o'ertaken,
Whom nothing could awaken;
Not even being—like physic with a sediment
That to its being swallowed's an impediment—
Well shaken!

All these the Prince passed by with stealthy tread
As on he sped,
Until he reached the grandest room of all,
The banquet-hall.
Where on the board a mighty feast was spread.

But since the day when first that cloth was laid
Time had strange havoc made
With dish and dainty on the board arrayed:
Had played strange tricks
With those—some five or six—
People of station
Who had been favoured with an invitation
To dinner with the ruler of the nation;
In short, to no conclusion harsh to jump, any
Person of taste
Had thought the King disgraced,
Not only by his room, but by his company.

The King—with half-way to his lips the beaker,
And head half turning to the latest speaker—
Pressing o'er his banquet, slumbered there-amid,
Like the first Pharaoh sleeping in his pyramid;
While the Prime Minister, acute and wise,
Still saw what must be done with fast-shut eyes,
And, as behoved him in the royal presence,
Kept nodding to his Sovereign acquiescence.

The Treasurer and Chancellor of Exchequer
Was bolt upright as trim as a three-decker.
For raising coin and borrowing he was meant,
And nobody could ever say he *leant*
To right or left,
E'en when of sense bereft.
The Secretary, Foreign and Domestic,
Upright did less stick,
And, being long accustomed to indite,
Inclined to right.

The young Prince gazed
Upon the scene amazed.
He shouted; not a single head was raised—
No single sound upon the silence broke—
Nobody spoke—
All heads alike were bowed.
He shouted loud
As one who wishes to outroar a crowd:
But not a word
He heard—
No creature stirred.

At last tired out,
Of vain attempts by shout,
And even shake, to rout
From their deep sleep the slumberers about
The banquet-table.—
Whether he'd be able
Ever to wake them, feeling quite in doubt,
The Prince made up his mind
To leave them all behind,
And see if some one waking he could find.
And so passed on through halls and quiet cloisters,
But everywhere found people mute as oysters
And sound as tops.
But yet he never stops,
Though neither man nor woman, girl nor boy stirs.

But still the Prince his onward course pursued,
Half fearing to intrude,
As each fresh chamber doubtfully he stept in.
In tiring-rooms he views
The ladies' maids so tired they're in a snooze,
Then for a change
Through sleeping-rooms he'll range,
Which by some contradiction very strange
Appear the only rooms that are not slept in.

Yet onward still he strays
All undecided,
And yet his steps are guided;
For round his head on airy pinion plays
A band of Fays,
Who lead him forward still by devious ways.

Last he reached a silent chamber,
Where through all the woodbine's chamber,
And the roses' red profusion,
And the jasmine's silver stars,
Glowed the glorious sun's intrusion—
Misty golden bars,
Touching all with amber.

But—or e'er that room he entered
Where the magic all was centred,
For a space, in wonder, dumbly
Gazed he on that figure comely
Sleeping in the snowy bed,
Where the sunshine splendour shed
From the casement's pictured pane
Crimson, blue, and yellow stain
In a variegated rain.

Drawn by her sweet lips' perfume,
As a bee to golden broom,
When the braes are all in bloom,
Stole the Prince across the room.
Every step he nearer set,
Oped the eyes of violet—
Oped a little—wider yet!—
Till the white lids, quite asunder,
Showed the beauties hidden under—
Showed the soft eyes, full of wonder,
Opening, towards him turned—
Till their radiance bent upon him
From his trance of marvel won him:

And his bosom burned
With the passion to outpour
All his soul her feet before.
Careless if she spurned,
So that he might only tell
That he loved her—and how well!

Now through the palace woke the stir of life;
Both fork and knife
Were in the banquet-hall with vigour plied.
While far and wide
Awoke so great a riot after the quiet.
It seemed as if the household was at strife.

Meanwhile the red sun set. And yet
The household did not into order get;
All was surprise and wonder,
Error and blunder.
The fire was out, the cook was in a pet.
The feast was cold, the Queen was in a fret;
The hunters just returned, they thought, from hunting.
Felt it affronting
Their game should get so very high and mite-y;
The housemaid, seeing all the dust and dirt,
Felt hurt.
It drove her almost crazy—at least flighty.

But over all this din and turmoil soon
Uprose the silver moon,
And by its rays shed on the dewy grass,
Forth from the palace that young pair did pass.
And threaded the deep shades
In the arcades
Of sombre forests that around them lay.
And so they took their way
To Fairyland, wherein, as legends say,
'Mid mirth and merry-making, song and laughter,
They married, living happy ever after—
And there, I'm told, they're living to this day!

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

" Huntsmen bold returned from sport
Snoring, horns to lips!"

" Every step he nearer set,
Oped the eyes of viole.."

Adelaide Lisgar

LADY LISGAR. From a photograph by Notman.

she had not a word to say to me, except to apologize for being late? What a dolt I had been, how blind, how foolish! But I would not give her up—she had promised herself, bound herself to me! and I was not going to improve on my folly by giving up what I most prized on earth. Besides, she might yet love me, she had said she would try to do so. And Jack was going away—she might forget him. There was still a chance for me

Just then there came a low tap at the door, and my mother entered the room. Dear, good soul! I think I see her still, her black hair, sprinkled with a few lines of gray, smoothed under her widow's cap, enclosing the brightest, kindest face I ever saw. It wore a sad look now though. She sat down beside me, with one hand took one of mine, and with the other gently smoothed my hair.

"My poor, poor boy," she said at last, soothingly.

So she too saw it all—my sorrow, my humiliation. Yet how could she not? It was only too plain.

"Oh," mother," I cried, "did you notice it too?" I could not help it. Unmanly, childish as it was, I hid my face in her lap, and burst into a flood of tears. I was calmer after that. It relieved me.

My mother said nothing, but sat still, quietly stroking my hair as she used to do when I was a little, weak, sickly child. God bless all mothers, they are the truest, surest, most sympathizing friends man ever had! She knew she could offer me no consolation, so she gave me sympathy, which was what I most wanted. At last I grew ashamed of my weakness. I rose, and affecting to smile, bade my mother good-night. Ungrateful as it seemed, I wanted to be alone.

How I slept that night I know not, but sleep I did—a troubled, broken sleep, marred by evil dreams in which Elsie and Jack invariably played conspicuous parts together.

The next day was Christmas Eve. We all kept our rooms till late, for it was long past daylight when we had gone to bed. But in the evening we all, except Jack, who kept his room, met around the dinner-table. Even Elsie had so far recovered as to be able to be brought down stairs and to lie upon the sofa, propped up with pillows and cushions. She looked very weak, very pale—but the pallor suited her, and I thought I had never seen her look so beautiful. We had been discussing the party of the night before, carefully avoiding any allusion to Elsie's illness. A lull in the conversation, during which we were all occupied with our own thoughts—sad thoughts enough for all of us—was suddenly broken by Elsie.

"George," she said," I should like to tell you about last night. I don't know how it is, but I feel that I must tell you. Do let me, won't you? I can bear it. The excitement is not too great, and I feel quite strong."

"Please yourself, Elsie," I returned, almost coolly. It was evident she did not know that she had told her secret.

"Well!" she began," after you were gone I was sitting alone by the fire, when the children came down and begged to be allowed to stay with me. I was only too glad to have them, as I felt rather nervous. I had not forgotten what you said about—about the—that the house was haunted, and so I readily let them remain. I had been telling them stories for some time, it was then about nine o'clock I suppose, when little Ethel asked me if I had ever seen a ghost. I said I never had, and I did not want to see one; I did not believe in ghosts. The whole four of them were shocked at my incredulity, and began to tell me—in fact to repeat what you said the other night. Just then we heard the sound of footsteps on the stairs—a slow measured tread that re-echoed on the oaken steps. There was something so weird in the sound—so unlike the sound of ordinary footfalls, that my very blood seemed to curdle in my veins. I sat there like a statue, powerless to move, and meantime those dreadful footsteps drew nearer and nearer, crossed the vestibule and—stopped. I breathed a sigh of relief; they would come no nearer. But I was mistaken! the door opened and admitted, oh! such a horrid shape, the very remembrance of which makes me tremble. The figure of a cavalier, evidently of the Stuart time. A pale, pale face, so haggard, so wan, but with a restless, anxious look on it, that would seem to tell of hope long delayed, almost extinguished. He wore a bright-coloured doublet, and glossy beaver with a long, trailing white feather, and his brown hair fell in rich luxuriance upon his shoulders. But the strongest part of all was that only half of him was visible—yes, only half. From head to waist was there, there was no deception about it and from the waist there seem to drop—oh! it was horrible—great red gouts of blood. Only half of him—terribly real, terribly distinct in the bright light—and yet we could hear every footfall as he advanced."

It was the cavalier ghost then!

"As he moved he looked eagerly about him, as if he were searching for some one. Suddenly he paused, his look rested on me, his dull eyes flashed, a smile—yes a smile, lit up his sad, wan face. Slowly he raised one delicate white hand, and still smiling, as if reassuringly, beckoned to me. Then I must have fainted, for I remember nothing more. Do not laugh at me, do not chide me, and say it was a mere fancy, the creation of a disordered brain, the result of fear acting upon the imagination. No! it was none of these. It was real, horribly real, this weird phantom, and I saw it as plainly as I see you now. I was sitting in the corner of the fireplace there, in the big easy chair, with the children on the rug at my feet, and It—this horrible thing—stood—"

She stopped short, paralysed with terror. Her eyes were almost starting out of her head; her tongue refused its office, and her jaw fell. For a moment I thought it was death. But, following the glance of those fixed eyes, what did I see? Great Heaven! there it stood, just as she had described it. I had seen this ghostly cavalier many times before, but never had the apparition struck such terror into me. The dead white face, that usually wore an expression of intense dejection, was lit up by a weird smile that deepened into a wild, almost demoniac grim. The eyes were fixed, fixed on Elsie's, with a half-triumphant expression, and then one of the thin, white hands was slowly raised and beckoned with a commanding air.

My sister screamed and fainted, my mother hid her face in her hands, the rest of us sat as spell-bound. Except Elsie; the first fit of terror had passed, leaving her the entire control of her will and senses.

The phantom moved back to the door, where it stopped and looked round as if to see if we followed. None of us stirred, and again it beckoned, imploringly, this time.

"Let us follow," broke out Elsie, impetuously, turning towards me.

The spell was broken Trevor and I started up, and seizing the candles which burned on the table, prepared to follow. Elsie came with us, notwithstanding all our efforts to dissuade her. It was astonishing how calm and self-possessed the timid girl was at that moment.

Slowly the phantom passed out at the door, the unseen feet falling heavily on the oaken floor, and slowly it passed up the broad staircase, pausing now and then to make sure that we followed, and each time it turned its head, the glittering eyes were fixed on Elsie. In this manner it took us along the gallery running round the vestibule, and on through the broad corridor that led to the western wing, which had not been inhabited since the days of old Jasper Bellamy, my Puritan ancestor. On it went; those ghostly footfalls beating time to the throbbings of our hearts—along dark, dilapidated passages, up narrow, winding, worm-eaten stairs that creaked and groaned beneath our feet, as though they would have given way and let us through. At last it stopped at the end of a narrow, dusty corridor that formed a *cul de sac*, and with one last, earnest look at Elsie, it disappeared.

It would be impossible for me to analyse the feelings that agitated me that moment, but fear certainly predominated. Not an ordinary fear of a particular disaster, but a presaging of evil, a dull, indescribable dread of—I knew not what. Yet I determined to persevere, and sift this terrible mystery to the bottom.

Trevor was for marking the spot where the apparition had vanished, and delaying the search until next morning, but I was determined to act immediately. I remained to watch the place while the others returned to fetch help. In half-an-hour we had a couple of workmen with pick and lever, and the village blacksmith with a huge sledge-hammer. First we tried the pick, but the end wall, which exactly resembled the rest of the walls of the passage, resisted all our efforts. The others gave when the pick was applied to them, but this mysterious masonry only dented.

Closer examination showed, however, that it was merely iron painted to resemble exactly the other walls. After a quarter of an hour's hard work with the hammer, a small aperture was made. The lever did the rest. A thick, close, musty odour, a smell of decomposition, of corruption, issued from the opening. What could it be? What dreadful secret was going to be unveiled? As soon as I deemed it prudent, I passed in. The dim rays of the candle I held revealed a lofty, narrow, cobwebbed chamber without windows, and lighted only by a small sky-light, far up in the roof. The only furniture was a tall chair, a worm-eaten table-desk, with small cupboards at the sides, on which stood what had once been writing materials, that crumbled at the touch, a goblet, and a broad-mouthed, stoppered water-bottle, or caraffe. The cupboards were full of dusty fragments, with here and there a parchment or two. There was nothing else in the room. Yes, in one corner a small heap of dust, a few horn buttons, some scraps of leather, and a rusty, corroded rapier, half encased in a leather sheath. On everything the dust of ages lay thick, but what could this be? I returned to the table and took up the flask. In it was a small, yellow mass, that looked like a roll of pale sulphur. I tried the stopper, but it was firmly set in the mouth of the bottle, and resisted all my efforts to loosen it, so I broke off the neck, and withdrew my prize. It was a small packet of parchment tightly rolled up. There was writing on it, too. Taking it with me, as well as the parchments in the cupboards, I left that dreadful chamber.

While I had been making my search, the rest had succeeded in tearing down the whole of the iron partition, which we now saw had been a spring door, and they now crowded in to examine this haunted cell.

When they had fully satisfied their curiosity, we returned to the dining-room. I was in a fever of impatience to examine these documents so strangely recovered, and retired with Trevor into my study, to examine them at leisure. The parchments we found to be of no importance, but the mysterious packet contained two documents,—the one evidently some legal instrument, judging by the seals and stamps affixed to it. The other was a small strip of parchment, closely written on both sides in a small cramped hand that we had great difficulty in deciphering. It ran as follows:—

"I, Jasper Bellamy, being now shortly about to appear before my Creator, do make this my last declaration and testament, for the righting of them that have been wronged, and for the easing and quieting of mine own mind, being much racked by fear and remorse; as also in the hope that it may in some whit procure me the mercy of the Great Judge, and effect the salvation of my guilty soul, through the healing intercession of Him whose birth we do celebrate this day.

"Be it known then that I, Jasper Bellamy, some time intendant or steward to Sir Harry Asheforde, became upon his death master of Asheforde Hall, after the provisions of a certain will made and executed some years before his death, by which his son, a head-strong prodigal who had angered his father by his evil ways, was excluded from any part or participation in his father's wealth. It mattered little, I thought at the time, for it was understood that young Julian had fallen in the Emperor's service, and even afterwards, when I found that he still lived, I cared little, for was I not high in the favour of the Lord Protector, and was not Julian Asheforde of cavalier stock, and a pestilent royalist to boot? But the Lord Protector died, King Charles was restored, and I even accepted his authority for the sake of my worldly wealth. It was hard after that, when I had lived seven years in quiet and prosperity, to find suddenly that I held my wealth by uncertain tenure—that Sir Harry, repenting him of his harshness, had before he died, writ another will, in which he revoked his former testament, and devised all into his only son. This testament, had been confided to his brother-in-law, one Gideon Bracebridge, a worthy minister of the gospel, who, at the time whereof I speak, was in hiding at my house—alas! mine no longer—from the pursuit of those persecuting Sauls with whom the land is yet o'errun. It was Master Bracebridge who advised me of the existence of this document, of which I resolved to possess myself. He had imparted the secret unto none else, not even to Sir Julian, and the times were such that the testament once destroyed none would seek to dispute my right. Therefore did I use many arguments with Master Bracebridge to persuade him to let me have the keeping of the document, but in vain; entreaties, bribes, even threats—none would avail. But one means remained—force; and this I would not leave untried. The Hall was no larger a safe retreat for him, and I was beginning to fall into suspicion as a harbourer of disaffected persons. I made semblance of having prepared a safe hiding-place for him in the neighbouring county of Cheshire, and to this, one wild, stormy night, I proposed to conduct him. He fell into the trap and accompanied me unsuspectingly. By the lime-pits nigh unto Newport, I fell upon him and slew him, but finding not upon him that wherefor I searched, I cast his body into the lime, thinking thus to efface all trace of the crime. Alas, how vain the precaution! There was staying with me at the time, one Gifford, a chevalier of the French order of St. Louis. He, being a friend of Master Bracebridge, called me to account for the minister's absence, but for a while I managed to delude him with evasive answers. Finally he would take no denial, and desired to be conducted to Master Bracebridge. I consented, intending to rid myself of him as might best be convenient. Dead men bear no tales. My precautions were well and secretly taken. I spread it abroad that he was about to depart for France, and when we set out I caused to be affixed to his saddle his own travelling-valise, thereby giving greater semblance of truth to my tale. We went as far as the lime-pits. As we waited at the edge of a pit I pushed him in. Methinks I hear yet his cries as he fell. He had on him a great riding-cloak, which caught in some projecting nail, leaving him immersed as far as the loins. I waited to the end. He was soon dead. His last words—they may come true yet, though perchance many generations hence—were, "the right will triumph," and then he was strangled. I fled then. This was Christmas Even, and the next day, the blessed day when the Saviour was born, I returned to the pit. Methought I had heard him mutter, in his agony, about a packet, and t'were well to be sure. With much labour I raised him, as much as the devouring lime had spared, and in his bosom I found that I sought. Then I threw him in with the minister. I had the packet! My triumph was complete.

"But, alas! well and truly saith the pagan poet, "Raro antecedentem scelestum Deseruit pede pœna claudo." I betook me with my prize to the secret chamber, the chamber in which I am now fast shut and which will be my tomb. In my haste to examine the packet, I forgot the spring of the door, it closed to, and I was a prisoner without means of escape.

"But the light is fast departing, and I must hasten. The son of Sir Harry Asheforde is presently at Tours, in the Kingdom of France, where he is known as Julian Ashford. My will is that my sons or their descendants, do make restitution to Julian Ashford or to his descendants of all the goods and properties wrongfully held by me. And may God have mercy on my soul.

"Writ this twenty-fifth day of December, in the year of our salvation one thousand six hundred and sixty-nine."

"Jasper Bellamy."

* * * * *

I am in Canada now. After that fatal revelation I could not stay a day longer at the Hall, the Hall that belonged to Elsie Ashford. I had spoken more truly than I thought when I said it was hers by right. True, I could have been master of the Hall as of old; our wedding-day was fixed, and George Bellamy might have held up his head again. But pride forbade such a course. And did I not know that Elsie loved Jack. She did not care a whit for me, and I shrunk from forcing our engagement. So after a hasty consultation with Trevor I quietly stole away that Christmas morning, made my way to Liverpool, and shipped for Montreal.

I have heard from Jack since. I didn't let him know my whereabouts until I saw the announcement of his marriage with Elsie in the *Times*, and then I wrote to him. He and Elsie are living happily together at the old Hall, and the last letter I received from them the other day announced the advent of a small George, who, they insist, is the very picture of old George, but I don't quite see how that can be.

And now perhaps you think that I am a seedy, surly, morose kind of a fellow, leading a blighted, useless life—a crusty old bachelor who spends his time between nursing his gout and railing at women and matrimony. Bless you! not a bit of it! First love is a very good thing in its way, but after all it is very like the first pair of trousers. We are uncommonly proud of them, but they wear out in time. I got over my disappointment—I think it must have been the sharp Canadian winter that took it out of me—and now I am married to a bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked Canadian girl, whose name, by the way, is not Elsie, and who does not in the slightest degree resemble my old flame Elsie Ashford—Mrs. Jack Bellamy now. I certainly was not a good match for her, but then, on her side, she did not say, at a time which shall be nameless, that "she didn't exactly love me but she hoped to do so when she knew me better,"—so after all we are not so badly mated. As for surliness, find me a lighter-hearted fellow in all Canada,—if you can, and I don't believe it

Yes, this Christmas of 1870 finds me a happy, contented man, and it certainly is no small thing to be able to boast that I owe my happiness—and the happiness of others, for that matter—not to such common causes as wealth or position, not even to virtue, which, we are told, always bring happiness, but just to such an extraordinary, unheard of thing as—Half a Ghost.

How many of our fashionable hypochondriac rheumatic ladies, and gouty old gentlemen, believe in the waters that bubble up from springs in the earth. There are thousands upon thousands who travel over not only this Continent, but, year after year, ramble throughout Europe in the delightful occupation of drinking the various Mineral Waters. They drink waters at Baden-Baden, and gamble fearfully while they do it. They go to Cheltenham, Bath, and Brighton, in England, and in the most business-like manner gulp down the luke-warm waters at the rate of about a gallon a morning. We have seen Germans in Prussia drink their Lager, we have watched the people of Vienna swallow down their Beer, we have watched the miraculous powers of absorption possessed by the English as they boldly attack their pots of "'arf and 'arf.' But to see the ladies that visit Cheltenham drink Saline and Mineral Water is a sight for the ancient gods. An elephant would turn away satiated with half the quantity. Then in the United States take Saratoga, Ballston,

Spa, the Virginia Springs, &c.; see how the crowds rush to these Springs during the summer at the very first dawn of the morning. Young ladies drink it while they flirt; young swells drink it because they believe the waters possess an enlivener; old maids drink it while they talk scandal; and the antique folks come here season after season because they believe it lengthens out their lives. They believe the iron being strong, it must strengthen their feeble frames, and the sour and the sarcastic believe it will make them still more *ironical*. But partly from having been a visitor at all these places year after year, after noticing the degree of dissipation that ensues, the heavy dinners, the enormous breakfasts, and the hearty lunches that are consumed at the expense of the Proprietors of Caravanseras, and then seeing the perpetual dancing in the heated atmosphere of hot summer nights, and perceiving the want of caution manifested by one and all in walking in the grounds, reeking as they are with perspiration, we are afraid that the Waters, if they possess virtues, are evaporated not only by imperceptible perspiration, but by a heated, steaming multitude of terpsichorean devotees. That there are virtues in Mineral Waters all medical testimony goes to prove; and Chemical Analysis has placed their relative merits before the public. We would say one word to all who read this paper—If you are labouring under ill-health, you want repose while under the care of the physician, not mad excitement, which is an antagonistic to the operation of any curative preparation. Some men will go to Paris to buy French boots, some to Geneva to buy a watch, some to England to obtain their broadcloth, some to India to buy a cashmere shawl all gold-work as the Nawabs wear, some will visit Charleroi, because they believe only there can they taste pure Burgundy, and some will go to Baltimore just to have a Canvasback Duck and Terrapin supper, because they like to say they went to the fountain head. Jackanapes all! There are near your houses sometimes richer, purer, and better things. There is scenery wilder, grander, and sweeter than is to be found anywhere else. And the earth contains riches you have only to seek for to find. Take all these famed Springs that have drawn people to them for a century, and you will nowhere find water so rich in all the curative qualities as in this Dominion. The Carratraca Waters, which have been known for fifty years, have been pronounced to possess more remedial agents than any other Waters found in the American Continent.

Their composition is :—

Carbonate of Lime,	8.5960	grains.
" Iron,	39.200	"
" Magnesia,	97.440	"
Chloride of Sodium,	675.710	"
Carbonic Acid, 230 Cubic inches, or	58.170	"
	879.116	"

In taking an analysis of the most noted Springs on this Continent, it is only necessary to call attention to the comparative richness of the following Springs, and we give a statement of the quantity of mineral matter contained in one gallon of the water of the Springs claimed to be the most effective in disease :—

Congress Spring,	567.943	grains
Empire Spring,	496.352	"
High Rock Spring,	628.038	"
Star Spring,	615.685	"
Seltzer Spring,	401.680	"
Excelsior Spring,	514.846	"
Gettysburg Katalysine,	266.930	"
Carratraca No. 1 Spring,	744.9400	"
" 2 "	775.3997	"
" 3 "	889.0500	"

Besides this immense preponderance, the Carratraca also possess the Bromide and Iodide of Potassium. There is not space to enter into a discussion of the curative properties of the various elements in this water in the present article, but we can say a more pleasing draught cannot be taken, it cools the blood, it is a gentle laxative, it helps debility, it gives an appetite, it cures rheumatism. We hope early in the spring to illustrate the region where the wells are situated, and where we hope yet to see a luxurious hotel and grounds. All those who want a charming book should address the owners, who will forward a pamphlet on application, which contains all particulars. The Waters are for sale in all principal towns, they can be had daily on draught at

J. B. BUSS'S,
PLACE D'ARMES,
And at all Retail Druggists.
WINNING, HILL & WARE,
389 St. Paul Street, Montreal.

[*Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.*]

WHAT HAPPENED AT BEAUVOIR ON CHRISTMAS EVE.

BY J. G. BOURINOT.

NOT very long since, one Christmas Eve, a large family party assembled around a cheerful fire in the library of a handsome villa, prettily situated on the banks of the river St. Lawrence. The oak panelled room, with its deep recesses, well lined with books, looked very pleasant in the light of the noble fire of maple logs which were heaped on the quaint silver-mounted andirons, in an old-fashioned fireplace, such as you rarely see now-a-days in modern houses. But the most cheerful sight in the library was, undoubtedly, the face of the venerable host, who was very happy to see about him his sons and daughters, who had come with their families to spend the festive Christmas season under the old roof-tree.

"Now, Fanny, we are all ready to hear the story you promised to tell us," said the old gentleman to his youngest daughter-in-law, a soft-eyed, gentle young woman, not many years married to the staid, reserved man opposite her—a Professor in a Western University.

The lady thus addressed, lit a wax candle standing on a little table by her side; and then taking up a roll of manuscript, tied with pink "taste," read the following story in a clear and well modulated tone:

CHAPTER I.

I HAVE always had a fancy for hunting up old books and papers, and depositing them among my private treasures. Of course you will say that this is a strange fancy for a young lady, but you must remember that I have been brought up among books, and taught to consider them as my best companions. My opportunities for accumulating rare books have been very few, and yet I have managed somehow to pick up in the cities I have visited, a few copies of choice editions bound in rich, old vellum, which I value more than the pretty jewelry that my friends give me from time to time. A year or two ago, while visiting a friend in Quebec, I was permitted to rummage in an old case where dilapidated books, pamphlets and newspapers had been allowed to gather for a very long time. The greater part of the contents was the merest rubbish, but I discovered an old volume which seemed to be a treasure compared with the rest; and that was the Diary of a French lady, which had been written in the latter part of the eighteenth century. Some of the leaves had been lost, the ink on others was almost effaced, and I pondered at first whether it was worth while making an attempt to decipher it. My friend, to whom I showed it, knew nothing about it, but she supposed that it had belonged to some member of her family who had been long in the country. I was quite welcome to the book, for she did not suppose it contained any important secrets, but she did not for the life of her understand what possible interest I could find in rummaging about such musty rubbish when I might amuse myself with so many new magazines and periodicals, so clean and crisp, from the bookstores. When I got home I set to work, as soon as I could, to see if I could make anything out of this time-worn journal, but it was only after weeks of patient research that I was able to decipher the almost obliterated manuscript, the handwriting of which besides was very fine and cramped. At last I succeeded, to my great delight, in following pretty closely the story which was told in those faded pages. Throughout the volume there was a great deal of matter which I was obliged to reject as having little connection with the story itself. As you might expect in the case of a young lady, there was much repetition and not a little sentimentalism which it would be very tiresome for my readers to have forced upon them. It seems to me, too—and here I feel I may myself be open to the awful charge of sentimentalism or affection, both of which I detest—that I should look upon this aged volume as something in the light of a trust which I would fail to respect, were I to reveal all the outpourings of a young girl's heart for the amusement of perhaps a cold, unsympathising reader. Some links—I may here say—were wanting to complete my story, after I had carefully read and analyzed the Diary; but these were subsequently furnished me, when I again visited Quebec and returned the old manuscript to my friend, who was surprised to find that it was really an heirloom of a Canadian family, and had found its way by accident into the rubbish box.

Beauvoir was the name of an old Manor which stood very many years ago on the crest of a picturesque height, surrounded by the forest, within a few miles of the ancient capital of Canada. It had some pretensions to antiquity, for it had been erected only a short time after the memorable siege of Quebec, towards the end of the seventeenth century, when the heroic Frontenac, whose figure stands out so prominently above all others in the early annals of New France, successfully repelled Phipps and a powerful fleet. Like all the old buildings of the Canadian aristocracy, it would not be considered a model of architectural taste in these days when the *nouveaux riches* live in elegant villas with many gables, towers, and all the architectural fantasia of the Italian, Gothic, and French styles. It was simply a large square house, built of grey stone, well darkened with age, with a high pitched roof and small windows on which there had been, at some time or other, iron shutters, but the latter had gradually fallen off and been replaced by more modern contrivances. The most interesting and unique feature about the building was the ruin of a tower which was closely connected with the house and had been erected both for ornamental and defensive purposes, at a time when the inhabitants of Canada might expect at any hour to find the enemy at their doors. The château was prettily situated so as to overlook the river St. Charles, with a glimpse of the dark blue waters of the St. Lawrence and the walled town which so long represented the majesty and ambition of France in America. Some fine maples and beeches grew above the house, wild grape vines and other creeping plants climbed over the old tower wherever they could get a hold, while here and there, in some crevice near the roof, there were little tufts of wild flowers, the seed of which had been wafted from the forest close by. The grounds were not extensive and were exceedingly neglected, for there was no sign of an attempt to clear away the accumulated underbrush and dead branches near the Château itself, while the only approach to a garden was a little plot of old-fashioned flowers, which was kept carefully weeded and trimmed by some loving hand.

The château and the few acres about it were now the principal property belonging to the de Leovilles, who once possessed considerable wealth and influence. Before the conquest the nobility of New France had very frequently assembled within the walls of Beauvoir and partaken of the lavish hospitality of their host, himself the gayest of the throng. In that old tower there were spacious rooms where many guests were wont to meet in pleasant *reunions*, but now huge, dusty cobwebs hung from the ceilings and bats flew through the open windows, while the bell which had so often called the hunters from the forest and given warning of the approach of a fox, was silent and forgotten. In the green *salon*, so called from its tapestry woven in French looms, and representing scenes from the Æneid, many a fortune had been won and lost during those reckless times when men danced, drank, and gambled, though the foe was already on the march, and want and misery were staring the people of that devoted French colony in the face. Many a stately minuet, too, had been danced within its halls by the seigneurs and the officers of the king, with the few Canadian ladies who did their best to imitate the eccentric lavish fashions that prevailed in Paris during the days of the *ancien regime*, when there seemed to be no limit to the extravagance and corruption of the Court and the masses groaned under the weight of taxes levied to supply the luxuries of the faithless nobles who thought them little better than the dogs in the kennels.

Those gay times before the conquest had well nigh ruined the Leovilles, and when Henri, the only son of that reckless Seigneur who gambled away the fairest portion of his estate, and at last ended his wild career by gallantly dying, sword in hand, on the Plains of Abraham, arrived at manhood and came out from France, where he had been at the time of his father's death, he found that all his patrimony was represented by a house in Quebec, the Château of Beauvoir, and a worthless Seigneurie in a distant part of the country; but Henri was, in many respects, very different from the extravagant Seigneur who preceded him, and tried hard to retrieve his fortunes. He had come into possession of a considerable sum of money by marriage, and this he embarked, as a silent partner, in the business of a large firm which had extensive dealings with the West Indies. Fortune smiled on him for a while, and Beauvoir once more threw open its doors to guests, less extravagantly, but not less hospitably, than of old. Then ensued a succession of disasters—notably the loss of several ships belonging to the firm in which he had embarked his small fortune; and he was forced to sell his town house and retire to Beauvoir with a very trifling remnant of his former means. Nor was the American War of Independence without its effect upon his wasted fortunes; for during the invasion by Montgomery and Arnold, his chateau had been sacked and he himself taken a prisoner.

At the time of which we are writing, M. de Leoville was a man over sixty years, but still showing that stately presence and courtly air which seemed to be the natural inheritance of the family; but his brow, all seamed and rugged, and his eye, so sunken and restless, would indicate that he had felt deeply the cares and troubles of his life. His family now was very small, for his wife had died some ten years before, and was buried in the quiet graveyard of Charlesbourg, and his only child was a lovely girl of nineteen, Marguerite by name, the writer of the diary which I so strangely discovered.

It is early in the afternoon of a fine August day, when we first see the father and daughter sitting by the window of a room which was at once library and parlour—in fact, that same room where his gay and extravagant father had often sat and gambled with spirits just as reckless as himself, until the rays of the rising sun peeped through some chink of the shutters, and warned them that they must close the wild play which had driven away the sleep from their eyelids. The day had been very hot, but now a delightful cool breeze was coming into the room through the foliage of the maples and beeches that threw their protecting branches about the house. The furniture of the room was very plain, and a few books, none of them very valuable, were ranged on shelves against the wall, which had long since been denuded of its choice tapestry, and was now painted of a dark lilac colour. A small writing-table was placed close to the window for the convenience of the old Seigneur, who was himself seated in a quaint, antique arm chair of dark walnut, with heavy legs turned at the feet so as to represent a tiger's claws, and which was one of the few memorials of the more prosperous days of the family.

"*Ma chère*," the old man, who had just recovered from an illness of some weeks, was saying to his daughter, who was seated on a low stool at his feet, and looking fondly up into his face, while the light summer breeze toyed gently with her bright, golden curls which clustered on her graceful neck and shoulders, "'Tis but a lonesome life thou livest here, in this grim, lonely house—thou must be wearied sometimes of waiting on thy poor, sick father."

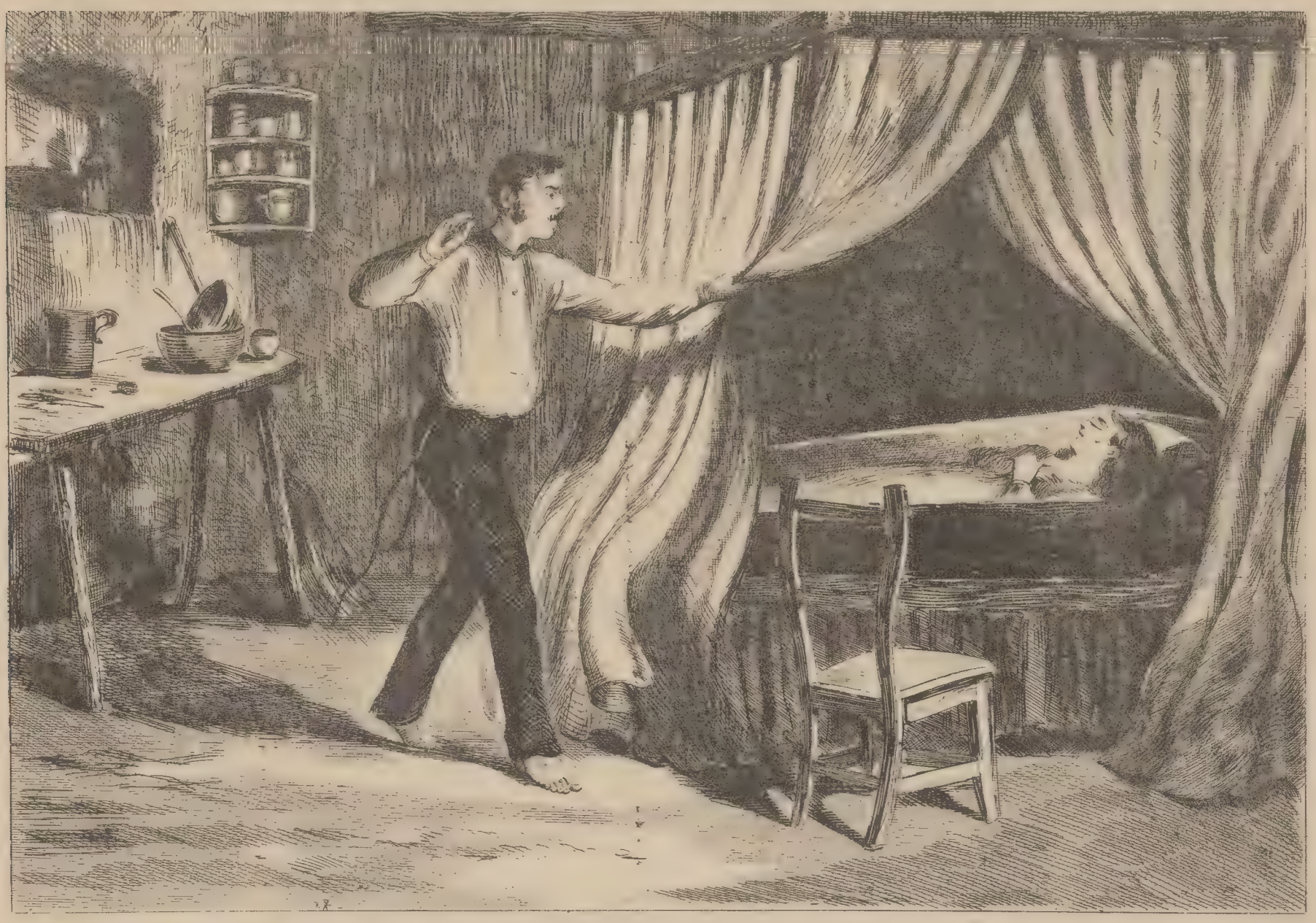
"My father, thou must not say that—thou must know it is not so. How can I feel lonely with thee to watch over, and"—here the fair girl blushed slightly—"Charles to talk to so often. I love this old house dearly, and every inch of ground about it, for have I not wandered from childhood among its lovely woods, and know all their pleasant nooks, and every wild flower beneath their shade? Where can you see a more beauteous landscape than that from the hills about Beauvoir?"

"Thou art, indeed, a good daughter, Marguerite, and the blessed Virgin will protect thee when I'm gone. Happy would I be could I see thee and Charles married before I become much older. The fortunes of the de Leovilles must indeed be sunk very low when they cannot do what they wish for those they love."

The young girl placed her hand lovingly on her father's lips, and commenced to chide him for speaking so despondently, and for believing she could ever wish to leave him, when a pleasant voice was heard at the door of the library asking permission to enter.

The visitor was a young man of perhaps twenty-five years of age, with a tall, well-knit frame, in the undress of an officer of the British line. His features were replete with a good humoured, frank expression—perhaps the most striking part of his face was his mouth, which had small delicate lines, and disclosed teeth of rare regularity and whiteness. Charles de Grandville was the second son—he was the same person mentioned in the foregoing conversation—of a Seigneur who, like not a few others, had remained in the country after the conquest, and became a main adherent of the British Crown. Through the influence of the British Commander-in-chief in Canada, he had been rewarded by the offer of a commission in a British regiment for one of his boys, and thus it was that Charles de Grandville came to be an officer of the ——first, at that time stationed in the colony. His father had been an old friend of M. de Leoville, and it was, therefore, quite natural that the son should lose no time, after his return to Quebec, in visiting Beauvoir. It was also quite natural that the young, impulsive officer should be irresistibly carried away by the pure beauty of Mdlle. de Leoville. With the characteristic manliness of his nature, Charles de Grandville lost no time in presenting himself before the Seigneur, and telling him the state of his feelings towards Marguerite; and though M. de Leoville hesi-

Half a Ghost!—"*Slowly he raised one delicate white hand, and still smiling, as if reassuringly, beckoned to me.*



The Double-Bedded Room —"*The horrible conviction grew upon me that I was looking upon the corpse of my dear sister.*"—(*See Supplement.*)

BRINGING IN THE PLUM PUDDING.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR ARTIST.

LEAVING GRANDPAPA'S.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR ARTIST.

tated for a while to accord his consent to an engagement, he yielded eventually when he saw that his daughter's heart was certainly given to the young officer. He knew he was himself to blame for giving the young man so many opportunities for seeing Marguerite, who would inherit only a very insignificant estate—he had been a little selfish in the matter, for he liked de Grandville, (who had the great merit of being a good listener) and had forgotten that Marguerite was no longer a child, but an impulsive, affectionate young woman.

The young officer was warmly received by the old Seigneur, and any one who noticed the greeting that Marguerite gave him would have easily detected the relations that existed between them. The three sat, for an hour or more, conversing on many subjects, and then they were disturbed by the arrival of two ladies, both of whom were joyfully welcomed by the Seigneur and his daughter. One of them was Mademoiselle Letellier, a half-sister of M. de Leoville, a maiden lady of at least forty-five, with a pl asant, genial expression in her dark blue eyes. She had been absent for some weeks in Montreal, and had now returned with an old friend, who had not visited Beauvoir for many yers.

CHAPTER II.

In the course of the afternoon the Seigneur told his daughter to accompany Madame Boucher—the visitor—through the Manor.

"Madame,"—he said, with his courtly air, while apologizing for his inability to accompany her—"you will find a great many changes in this old mansion. Time has not dealt more gently with Beauvoir than it has with me."

Marguerite and her new friend rambled through the house and at last found themselves in the drawing-room, where there were a few pieces of antique furniture, covered with blue and gold satin, much faded and defaced; but the most interesting relics were several pictures, chiefly portraits of the family, by the Vanloos, Le Brun and other French masters, all of which had been taken from the town house when it had been sold by the Seigneur. One of these portraits was that of the elder M. de Leoville, who was dressed in the brilliant costume demanded by the etiquette of the gay court of Louis Quinze, to which he had been introduced when a young man in Paris. He was what most women would call a very handsome man—the full lips and wide nose were perhaps not in symmetry with the other parts of his face.

"That, then," said the vivacious Frenchwoman, "is *le beau Leoville*. What a pity he had not thought less of his own pleasure, and more of those who came after him!"

The latter part of her remark was not heard by Marguerite, who had gone out into the passage to give some directions to a servant, but Charles, who had just entered and was standing close by, replied—

"Yet, they say, as you must know, Madame, for, if I mistake not, you are a connection of the de Leovilles, that the old Seigneur died really wealthy for a man in this country."

"Oh, you have heard that story," replied Madame Boucher, with a merry laugh. "The Seigneur was certainly a reckless gambler, and we all know that he lost large sums of money at play; but it is also said that he won all back and more from the Intendant, M. Bigot, and others who so often met in the green parlour. No one, however, has seen or heard of that treasure—the whole story is a myth, a mere fairy tale. You may be sure if the old Seigneur had any money in his possession, he lost little time in spending it in some shape or other."

"My father has often said," said Marguerite, who had rejoined her friend and heard the foregoing remarks, that the only person who could tell the truth or falsity of the story was Nicolas Savre, who was a faithful servant of my grandfather, always with him and entrusted with all his secrets. When my grandfather died soon after the fight, both Savre and his wife were with him and heard his dying requests; my father himself, you must know, was at school in France at the time. A day or two later, Savre himself was killed in this very château, whilst attempting to defend it against a party of Scotch marauders. His wife, then a young delicate woman who had been married only a few months, lay ill for many weeks, after she saw her husband fall riddled with bullets, and when she had recovered it was found that her mind wandered, and that she had entirely forgotten the sad events which had brought her so a grave a sorrow."

"Poor Vevette," said Madame Boucher, "I remember her well; often has she dressed me and your dear mother, when we were girls; she had such fine soft hair of a dark auburn colour, and lovely dark blue eyes. Is she still alive?"

"Yes," replied Mademoiselle de Leoville, "she lives in a little whitewashed, red-roofed cottage, down in the glen, near Lake St. Charles, in the care of her only sister, Marie Nicolet. Of late years she has been much better, but her memory of the past still fails her, and she is still liable to strange, unaccountable fits of despondency, which come on at a moment's notice, and last for hours, during which she seems lost to all that is going on about her, and does not even recognize her friends who may speak to her."

"A sad history, indeed," replied Madame Boucher, "I must certainly see poor Vevette before I go away."

Then they left the drawing-room and returned to the Seigneur, who felt unusually gay that afternoon—the arrival of his sister and her friend had no doubt raised his spirits, somewhat low after his recent attack of illness—and he expressed a wish to go out to the garden and see Marguerite's flowers. With the help of Charles and Marguerite he walked down stairs and took a seat in a pleasant, shady spot, with his guest and Mdlle. Letellier alongside of him. Madame Boucher referred to the conversation they had in the *salon* respecting the legend of the Seigneur's hidden or stolen wealth.

"Well," said Madame Boucher, laughingly, when she found that M. de Leoville knew no more about it than she did herself, "I hope when you do come to your fortune you will not find it a bundle of waste paper. The card money of Canada bore the royal arms of France, and were signed by the Governor-General, the Intendant, and the Controller. They were of 1, 3, 6, 12, and 24 livres; some as low as 6 deniers and 1 centime. The Canadian historian, Garneau, says that the French King once was obliged to redeem the Colonial paper at three-eighths of its real value—"a composition of 7s. 6d. on the £." in commercial language. Card money was never worth much, and certainly now-a-days it would not be readily exchanged for gold."

"No," said the Seigneur, assuming the lively tone of his guest; "I do not suppose that we would even now get ten francs to the sovereign from the King of England, who is doubtless a better paymaster than was his Most Gracious Majesty, Louis XV."

Meanwhile Marguerite and the young officer were walking up and down under the shade of the tall beeches and maples, watching the light, fleecy masses of clouds, which, touched by the rays of the setting sun, were assuming the most gorgeous colours.

"Five or six weeks hence," said the young man at length, "I may be called away; for the ship which is daily expected will probably bring our orders for the West Indies."

"Oh! dear Charles, I hope not—how much my father and myself would miss you. But you will soon get your company and then"—here the tender-hearted girl paused.

"Yes, *then*, I hope we may never leave each other," said the young officer, finishing the sentence for the blushing girl; "if I had the money now, I could soon buy my company, for I have a chance of a Captaincy in the —— regiment, which will probably remain here."

"Would it not be pleasant to find that money of which such a strange story is told."

"If we wait till then," replied the young officer, laughingly, "I am afraid that happy time of which we have been speaking will never come."

Then all the party returned indoors, as the shadows of evening crept through the trees, enveloping the château in the deepest gloom until it looked like some old keep of feudal times.

Several weeks passed by and nothing of interest occurred at the château; but at the little, low whitewashed cottage, in the glen, poor Vevette Savre had been ailing for some time, and it was very clear that she would soon close a life which to her had been fraught with little worldly joy. She was now confined to her bed, for previously she had always—except of course when her bad spells came on—taken an active share of the household work, and found much pleasure in attending a little kitchen garden during the summer. For some time previous to her taking to her bed, her mind had been more rational, and her old acquaintances noticed that she remembered many little things that had happened in her younger days. Once she asked to see the Seigneur, but when he came she relapsed into her usual stupor and hardly recognized him, but sat with her face—so thin and transparent as to show every delicate vein—laid low on her bosom.

"Poor Vevette, she seems very low," said the Seigneur, who, even in his most straitened circumstances, had never forgotten to give her that pittance which enabled her sister to keep her comfortably—"is she often this way now?"

"She remains thus for days," replied Marie; "yes and for weeks; she never talks much now"

It was on the day following this interview that Estelle came in to see her, and then she appeared better, and said to her sister before the young lady had left:

"Marie, you were here when M. de Leoville came to see me last What did I tell him?"

Then, when her sister told her, she shook her head despondently

"No, no, my poor head is yet too weak—what dreadful weight is this upon it? What is it that I wish to say to M. Henri? Mon Dieu, I shall die soon—so they say—and yet I have never told him"

This was the last occasion when any of the inmates of the château saw the poor woman; for when Marguerite and Madame Boucher called at the cottage, they were told that Vevette was too excitable to see any one, and that they had better wait till she was calmer. No message, however, ever came to Beauvoir from Marie that her sister was in a condition to see Marguerite or the other inmates, and at last they heard one morning that she had died suddenly during the night. When they saw her again, her hands were folded on her bosom, in the same attitude that they had assumed when her spirit quietly passed away, while her poor, thin face wore a peaceful, resigned expression which it had never shown in the course of her unhappy life.

"Poor Vevette," said M. de Leoville when he heard of the death of his dependent; "it was a happy release for her."

"If you saw her face now," said Mdlle. Letellier, "you would indeed say so."

"I wonder what it was she wanted to say to me that day she sent for me," continued the Seigneur.

"Perhaps," suggested Marguerite, "she remembered at last how good you had always been to her, and wished to express her gratitude, but her poor weak memory failed her when the opportunity offered."

"It may be you are right," replied the old man, "but whatever it was it must be buried with her in the grave."

(To be continued.)

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OR,

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BY MRS. J. V. NOEL.

Author of the "Abbey of Rathmore," "Passion and Principle," "The Secret of Stanley Hall," "The Cross of Pride," &c.

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

CHAPTER XXXIII.

MARK BERKELEY.

About a week after the scene described in the last chapter, as the bells in the City of Montreal were ringing for the hour of noon, Blanche Osburne might be seen crossing the Champ de Mars from the entrance near the Court House. She was hurrying homeward to her early dinner, having been engaged during the last two hours in the pleasing business of shopping. At the same moment a dashing young officer, in the uniform of the Canadian Rifles, was descending the steps near St Gabriel Street, with the evident intention of joining the young music teacher.

Blanche was aware of his approach, for her quick eye had caught sight of his figure strolling leisurely along the terraced walk of the Champ de Mars, and she cast more than one admiring though furtive glance towards him, which glances he returned with interest, for Blanche was looking very charming this morning in her neat print morning dress and coquettish little hat.

The reader will hardly recognize Mark Berkeley in that dashing son of Mars. Three years have given manlier proportions to his figure, and the incipient moustache has grown visibly, though still of a light hue. Altogether Mark's appearance was much improved and he had quite a military air. His uniform was becoming; he wore it now as he had been on duty that morning. Mark has been cherishing a penchant for Blanche Osburne now for sometime. Her delicate girlish beauty had caught his boyish fancy some four years before, when the Osburnes first came to live in Montreal, and he had continued wonderfully constant considering the well-known inconstancy of such juvenile adorers. The admiration of Lieutenant Berkeley was very flattering to Blanche. Like many girls she particularly admired the military, and she quite enjoyed a flirtation with the young officer whenever an opportunity for one offered. These flirtations had occurred rather frequently this summer, since Mark discovered that on certain mornings Blanche was in the habit of crossing the Champ de Mars at twelve o'clock. He generally contrived to be in that locality as soon as the bell of the Cathedral of Notre Dame rung out its first peal. The distance from the Champ de Mars to Mrs. Osburne's cottage in Rue Dominique was considerable, but it seemed particularly short to Blanche on those days when Mark Berkeley accompanied her home.

"Was not that a capital joke I played Osburne some days since?" he asked, laughing merrily, shortly after he joined her and they were strolling leisurely up St Dominique Street, the heat of the summer day, of course, obliging them to walk very slowly.

"Practical jokes are not always pleasant," remarked Blanche, coldly, for she remembered the anxiety she and her aunt had suffered in consequence of this one which seemed to afford Mark such amusement.

"Osburne did not like it, though! it gave him too great a fright!"

"And caused me great anxiety too! I assure you," said Blanche, gravely.

"It did, eh! I am sorry for that. But it really was capital fun—the governor was in such a rage!" and the young officer again broke into a merry laugh in which Blanche soon joined. The gaiety of her companion was catching.

"However, I shall not try that fun again. It would not do a second time to cause the governor and others, you especially, such anxiety," Mark said, emphasizing the *you* as he bent his head to look very lovingly into Blanche Osburne's lovely face. "Osburne, I know, suspected me of stealing the money," Mark resumed, more gravely.

"Yes; he said no one else could have taken it."

"I thank him for his good opinion," broke from Mark, haughtily. "Did you believe him, Blanche?"

"No," she answered promptly "I could not think you capable of stealing."

"Osburne owes me a grudge; he is jealous, *n'est-ce pas, mignonne?*" and Mark, who was still fond of using French phrases, twirled his light moustache with a self-satisfied air.

"He has no reason to be jealous of you," Blanche curtly remarked, the spirit of coquetry prompting the girl to tease her young admirer.

The bright expression faded from Mark's face, and the pair walked on in silence for some minutes.

"Did you not tell me, Blanche?" he resumed, with hesitation, "that you did not care for your cousin?"

"I do care for him," she answered, decidedly.

"Not as a lover, surely, Blanche?" he asked, in tender appealing accents.

"No, not as a lover," and the blue eyes glanced coquettishly at the Lieutenant.

The expression of those beautiful eyes thrilled his heart with renewed hope.

"Ah, Blanche! you know your power over me! How can you love to tease me so?"

Blanche's only reply was a silvery laugh.

"Are you going to the Horticultural Exhibition at the Crystal Palace, to-night?" Mark asked, after a brief silence.

"Yes. Stephen promised to take me there."

"Why not allow me to call for you?"

"Thank you! but that would never do, as I said I would go with Stephen."

"It would rouse his jealousy, I suppose," said Mark, with a pleased smile. "Well! he cannot prevent our meeting there. I shall watch for you at the entrance opening on St. Catherine Street. Be sure you come in by that door, or we might find it difficult to meet in such a crowd. The show of fruits and flowers this year will be fine, the weather has been so favourable. The music, too, will be well worth hearing. How I shall enjoy an evening spent in your society, dearest Blanche! Stephen's cursed jealousy, you know, prevents my going to your house," Mark added, angrily.

"And here comes Stephen following us up the street!" said Blanche, laughing, as she happened to look back.

"Now, you will catch it for being seen with me!" Mark remarked; with much annoyance. "It is really too bad, this confounded nonsense of Stephen's, as if his cousin had not a right to love whom she pleased!"

They had now reached Mrs. Osburne's cottage. Bidding Blanche a tender adieu Mark Berkeley walked on towards Sherbrooke street, thus avoiding a meeting with his rival, while Blanche hastened into the house and retired to her own room to think over this pleasant interview with her military admirer, whom she certainly did regard with greater preference than any of her other beaux, and these numbered not a few, for Blanche Osburne was quite the *belle* among a certain set.

Her cousin's attachment to her was a deeper feeling than that experienced by young Berkeley, for Stephen Osburne was ten years his senior, and he loved his pretty cousin with the strong passion of a man. Unfortunately Blanche did not return this love; she felt for him only the affection of a sister. The character of Mark was more like her own; both possessed the same gay temperament, the same rather frivolous nature; therefore, Blanche preferred the foppish, trifling officer to her plainer-looking and more sedate cousin.

A cloud was on Stephen Osburne's brow when Blanche joined him and her aunt at dinner. He was silent as well as gloomy, and although she made some attempts at conversation her remarks only elicited curt replies. Mrs. Osburne, fearing that something had again gone wrong at the counting-house, inquired anxiously what was the matter.

"Nothing!" he replied moodily.

Then Mrs. Osburne, conjecturing that something unpleasant had occurred between him and Blanche, wisely held her tongue. She was used to these sullen fits of Stephen when he was angry with his cousin. The good lady was not aware of her niece's frequent meetings with Lieutenant Berkeley, which unpleasant news had that morning been communicated to Stephen by a fellow clerk who had often seen the lovers in the Champ de Mars together.

When dinner was over Stephen seated himself on the verandah to smoke a cigar, as was his usual custom. Blanche took up her work

and placed herself in the low rocking chair at the open window. Neither spoke for some minutes; Blanche wanted to introduce the subject of the Floral Show at the Crystal Palace, but was almost afraid to address him he looked so repellant. At length she ventured to ask if he would be detained late in St. Paul street that evening.

"I cannot tell! why do you want to know?" he asked gruffly.

"Do you forget the Horticultural Exhibition to-night, Stephen?"

Blanche's tones were somewhat deprecatory, and her manner insinuating.

"No," he replied curtly, puffing away as if he did not want to be interrupted by any more questions.

"Shall you be able to go?"

"I do not care to go," was the ungracious answer.

"But I do! and you promised to take me!" There was considerable irritation in the girl's tones now. She was beginning to fear a disappointment.

"I tell you I do not care to go!" he persisted in the same gruff manner, his face dark with the evil passion that had seized upon him.

"Then I am sorry I did not accept Mark Berkeley's offer," Blanche remarked, with spirit, deeply annoyed at her cousin's illnature.

"And why did you not?"

"Because I wished to go with you."

"Preferred going with me! is that what you mean?" he added sarcastically.

There was no reply, and Blanche pouted her chiselled lips and looked very sullen.

A sudden hope came into the heart of Stephen.

"Blanche," he asked, in softened tones, "when you refused to go with Berkeley, was it because you would rather I should take you."

"I knew you would be angry," she answered evasively.

"I want a direct reply to my question. I want to have this matter of preference settled between us."

Still Blanche was silent. She did not like to grieve her cousin, and she knew an affirmative would pain him deeply.

"I have heard of your secret meetings with Lieutenant Berkeley," Stephen continued, the voice again harsh, the brow gloomy.

"Secret is not the word for our meetings," said Blanche indignantly.

"Well, frequent, if that will please you better," he observed with a sneer.

"I do not meet him by appointment," urged Blanche, "only accidentally."

A mocking laugh broke from Stephen.

"It cannot be by accident that you both enter the Champ de Mars at the same hour so often."

"Well, what of that?" asked Blanche defiantly; what concern is it of anyone's if we do meet and have a pleasant chat together?"

"Flirtation you should say," sneered Stephen.

"Well, flirtation let it be," said Blanche with spirit.

"Have you considered that these flirtations, these meetings, may reach the ears of Mr. and Mrs. Berkeley."

"And if they did hear of them, what then?" asked Blanche coolly.

"You would lose some of your pupils, and I might lose my situation in the counting-house of Berkeley & Son."

"You need not think to frighten me as if I were a child, Stephen!" burst scornfully from Blanche. She was looking really beautiful now; the crimson of angry excitement flushed her cheeks, and her eyes flashed through the tears of wounded pride, which this remark of her cousin called forth.

Stephen looked at her in silent admiration. If she would but love him! If she would dismiss this frivolous young Berkeley and be his wife—his own! He passionately yearned to take her in his arms and ask her forgiveness, and beg her to have pity on him, who had loved her so long, since she had first come to live with them, when she was little more than a child. But there was no answering look of tenderness in those flashing blue eyes which met his so defiantly. He had pained her, wounded her feelings. There was no love in that young heart for him! Suddenly, without saying another word, he turned away and left the piazza, returning sadly and slowly to his daily routine of duty in St. Paul's street.

"Why did you quarrel with him, Blanche?"

It was Mrs. Osburne who spoke. From the dining-room she had heard the conversation between the cousins. The tones of her voice were mournful; she sympathised with her son.

"I could not help it, aunt, he was so insulting!"

"But he loves you so much, Blanche! and jealousy makes a man always unjust; he does not care what he says."

"I cannot help that! I cannot love him! there now I have said it, aunt! there is no use in pretending to care for him when I do not—just to keep him in good temper!"

"And do you love this young Berkeley Blanche?"

"Yes," was the low agitated reply.

Blanche was crying now, tears were calming her excited feelings.

"Does he love you, dear?"

Mrs. Osburne's tones were affectionate. Blanche she loved as a daughter; and though she grieved, for her son's disappointment, still she could not blame the young girl, because she preferred another and younger lover.

"Mark does love me, Aunt, he has asked me to marry him."

"But his family will not consent to the marriage. Did you not say they were very proud?"

"They were once as poor as we are. Mr. Berkeley began life as a clerk. He should not forget that!"

"But all that is past now, Blanche, and if he is a wealthy and proud man he will never consent to your entering the family."

"Mark hinted as much, Aunt, but he says he is of age and can marry whom he likes."

"But he would be disinherited and I hardly think a lieutenant's pay would support a wife, Blanche," said Mrs. Osburne, with a smile.

"No my child," she continued, earnestly. "You must not think of that, you are both young and you can wait a few years till Berkeley gets promotion."

To be continued.

King William was crowned on the 16th of October, 1861. In an address delivered on the 15th he said:—"The rulers of Prussia receive their crown from God. To-morrow, therefore, I shall take the crown from the Lord's table, and place it on my head, This is the meaning of the expression 'King, by the grace of God.'" The King forgot that some one put it on the table, and virtually he received the crown from him. It is seemingly pious, but very imperious.

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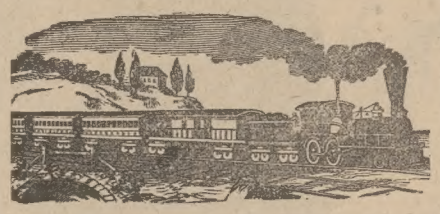

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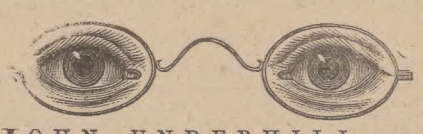

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MONDAY, OCTOBER 10,
The Subscriber will Sell the
ENTIRE STOCK-IN-TRADE
OF
STAPLE & FANCY DRY GOODS
OF THE LATE FIRM OF
Messrs. DUFRESNE, GREY & Co.
INSOLVENTS,
And will continue each day and evening until the whole is disposed of.
IT is almost unnecessary to say anything in favour of this Stock. The house has been celebrated for their choice assortment of the Newest and Most Fashionable Goods, imported direct by one of the Firm, thus saving the large profit of the Wholesale Merchant. Take then, into consideration the fact of the Stock being purchased from the Official Assignee at one-half the original cost, and you will easily see that no house in the trade can offer such inducements.
The Stock will be sold at the OLD STAND
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DON'T EAT TOO MUCH PLUM PUDDING!

FATHER.—"*Why, sonny, what is the matter?*"
YOUNG HOPEFUL.—"*Boo-hoo-hoo.... I haven't any roo-hoo-hoo-m left for dessert.*

IMPORTANT TO MOTHERS.

GEHRIG BROS. ELECTRO-MATOR NECKLACE FOR CHILDREN TEETHING.

In introducing these Necklaces in this country, I do so with the greatest confidence in their value, as they have been extensively used in England and on the Continent with the most successful results. It is not claimed for them that they will do away with *all* pain during dentition, but that they will materially lessen the pain and exert a soothing influence on the child. Doubtless this is the most critical and trying period of infantile life; full of danger to the child, and of intense anxiety to the mother. Dentition usually commences at the fifth month, and proceeds gradually during the first three or four years of childhood. From the commencement to the close of this period, the whole infant organization is undergoing a vast change, and many serious maladies arise during its progress; the salivary glands are brought into play, as is indicated by the increased flow of saliva. The infant endeavours to draw attention to its sufferings, and puts any object within its reach into its mouth. If the child be healthy and strong, teething usually proceeds favourably. In weak and delicate children, on the other hand, the tooth penetrates the gum with difficulty, the infant becomes feverish and restless, and the most serious consequences may ensue. There is intense pain and swelling of the gums, the digestive organs become deranged, and the bowels disordered, inflammation of the brain, accompanied by convulsions, follows, terminating but too frequently in a painful death.

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When the child shows the first symptoms of teething, one of the Necklaces is simply to be tied around its neck, and to be worn day and night.

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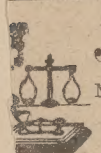

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No. 24 COLLEGE STREET, MONTREAL.
A GENERAL ASSORTMENT ALWAYS ON HAND. 2-23tf

NOTICE.

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$3 WATCH! $3 WATCH!

THE GREAT EUROPEAN
Eureka Aluminum Gold Watch Co.
HAVE APPOINTED
J. F. WILLIAMS & CO., JEWELLERS,
561 Broadway, New York,
SOLE AGENT FOR THE U. S.,

And have authorized them to sell their great EUREKA ALUMINUM GOLD WATCHES for Three Dollars, and to warrant each and every one to keep correct time for one year. This Watch we guarantee to be the best and cheapest time-keeper that is now in use in any part of the globe. The works are in double cases, Ladies' and Gents' size, and are beautifully chased. The cases are made of the metal now so widely known in Europe as Aluminum Gold. It has the *exact colour of Gold*, which *it always retains;* it will stand the test of the strongest acids; no one can tell it from Gold only by weight, the Aluminum Gold being one-fourth lighter. The works are all made by machinery, the same as the well-known American Watch. We pack the Watch safely in a small box, and send it by mail to any part of the United States on receipt of $3.50; fifty cents for packing and postage. A key is sent free with each Watch. Money should be sent by Post-Office Money Order, or in a Registered Letter. Address all orders and communications to

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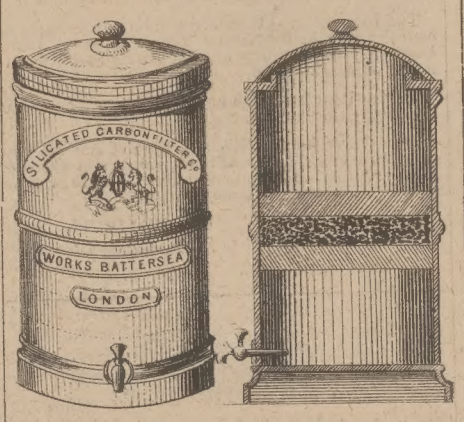

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JUST RECEIVED
A LARGE STOCK OF THE CELEBRATED
SILICATED CARBON FILTERS,
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Besides animalcula of all kinds, these Filters extract Vegetable and Mineral impurities, making the Water wholesome and refreshing. They are acknowledged to be the most perfect WATER PURIFIER known.

J. V. MORGAN,
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COAL! COAL!!

Steam and Grate Coal for sale cheap. Apply at INTERCOLONIAL COAL CO'S. OFFICE, 59 ST. FRANCOIS XAVIER STREET. 2-25d

J. BAYLIS.—CARPETS, FLOOR CLOTHS, CURTAINS, &c. NOTRE DAME ST., EAST OF MCGILL.

GRAY'S SYRUP OF RED SPRUCE GUM, AT ALL DRUGGISTS.

BIVALVULAR.

IT was a maxim of Euripides either to keep silence or to speak something better than silence. Whether this maxim is worthy of imitation or not must be decided by a discriminating public. There is, however, one important truth which demands a word, and that is, *there is no one article of food more universally palatable than the oyster*, and yet, even in the present day, very few really know what a good oyster is, or where the best can be obtained. The best judges affirm that in no other place in the city can as good an article be found, as at

THE AMERICAN OYSTER COMPANY'S DEPOT,
No. 17, PLACE D'ARMES.

In view of this indisputable fact J. B. BUSS, (who has been connected with the business for the last 15 years) is determined that everybody shall understand where the luxury may be found. To every lover of the BIVALVE he would say

BUY NONE BUT

J. B. BUSS' OYSTERS.

They are put up in the neatest possible manner, and delivered to any part of the city, and furnished either in cans, kegs, bulk, or in the shell.

By leaving your orders at 17, PLACE D'ARMES you will be sure to get the best Oysters in the city.

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2-21-n No. 17, PLACE D'ARMES.

GRAY'S

SYRUP OF RED SPRUCE GUM.

SYRUP OF RED SPRUCE GUM.

This Syrup is highly recommended for Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchial and Throat Affections.

FULL DIRECTIONS IN ENGLISH AND FRENCH WITH EACH BOTTLE.

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THIS elegant and delicate preparation is one of the most salutary Tonics ever submitted for public approval in this hemisphere.

By its use a man of advanced years is stimulated to the elasticity of youth, and it is otherwise a most excellent Tonic, having a delightful aroma, and imparting a fragrant odour to the breath.

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DRUGGISTS, GROCERS, and HOTELS.

HENRY CHAPMAN & CO., Montreal,
EVANS, MERCER & CO.,
2-tf Sole Agents for the Dominion of Canada.

SEIGNIORIAL INDEMNITY TO TOWNSHIPS' FUND.

Whereas, by Order in Council of date APRIL 30, 1867, it is directed that as regards the claims of Municipalities to participate therein, the above Fund shall be finally closed on the 31st DECEMBER of the present Year. Notice is hereby given that all claims which can in any wise alter the distribution thereof must be lodged in this Office on or before the date above named, after which date no alteration can be made in the said distribution.

JOHN LANGTON,
Auditor.
Per J. SIMPSON,
Assist. Auditor.

FINANCE DEPARTMENT,
Ottawa, Dec. 2, 1870. 2-25c

JOHN UNDERHILL,
OPTICIAN TO THE MEDICAL FACULTY OF McGILL UNIVERSITY.
299, NOTRE DAME STREET,
(5 doors East of the Place d'Armes.) 28tf

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THE GLENFIELD STARCH,
EXTENSIVELY USED IN THE
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"ST. JULIEN,"
"ST. LUBES,"
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CHATEAU LAFITTE,
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"MEDOC,"
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KINAHAN'S L.L. WHISKEY.
BOOTH'S OLD TOM.
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500 CASES CHAMPAGNE,
PORTS AND SHERRIES,
VARIOUS BRANDS.

NEW CROP CURRANTS, RAISINS, FIGS, GRAPES, PRUNES, &c.
1,000 PACKAGES CHOICE TEAS.
ALEX. MCGIBBON,
18tf Italian Warehouse.

ATKINSON'S
PARISIAN TOOTH-PASTE
CLEANS THE TEETH AND SWEETENS THE BREATH.
All respectable Chemists keep it.
25 Cents a box. 2-22 tf

1870.
The first lot of Tasteless Pale Newfoundland COD LIVER OIL, of the make of 1870, can now be had at the MEDICAL HALL, opposite the Post Office, and Branch, Phillips' Square.
ONLY 50cts. PER BOTTLE. 8tf

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